THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 7, 1933

WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE

The Mayor of Finsbury with the Two Successful Competitors at Claremont Central Mission Baby Show

The importance of child welfare was never more widely recognised than it is to-day, and, judging by the recently published annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, the work that is being done in the various clinics continues to contribute to a satisfactory decline in infant mortality and to a steady improvement in the well-being of children generally. In the above picture, taken after the Claremont Central Mission Baby Show, Councillor H. Kennett, Mayor of Finsbury, is seen holding Brian Dellaw and John Ruscoff—the three-months-old winners of the Queen's prize of two cot coverlets. These were knitted by Her Majesty and presented to the children for obtaining the highest marks in a searching health, weight, and cleanliness test, and after a general inspection of their clothing and of their record of attendances at the clinic. Behind the mayor are grouped the other competitors and their parents. They certainly present a picture of robust health which does credit to the London borough with the highest birthrate

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

EVENTS at HOME and ABROAD

LISTENING TO A GENIUS OF THE MOTOR BUSINESS: Delegates to the League of Industry Annual Conference at Buxton assembled for the address by Sir William Morris, the president. Sir William re-affirmed his faith in the value of "Buy British" as an employment slogan

FIVE HUNDRED BRITISH ROMAN CATHOLICS, who are at present unemployed, have arrived in Rome on a visit to the Pope to gain the special Holy Year Indulgences and to pray for work. They are seen in procession approaching St. Peter's during their first day in the city

THE MICHAELMAS LAW SITTINGS began on October 2 when the Law Courts reopened after the Long Vacation. Following a service in Westminster Abbey, attended by the majority of the judges and King's Counsel, the usual procession took place along the Central Hall of the Law Courts. Left to right—Lord Hewart (Lord Chief Justice), the Hon. Mr. Justice Hawke, Sir Boyd Merriman (the new President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division), and the Right Hon. Lord Justice Romer

FUNERAL OF A FAMOUS THEOSOPHIST: Hindu followers of Dr. Annie Besant reciting prayers for the dead beside her funeral pyre in the grounds of the Theosophical Headquarters at Adyar, Madras. Beneath the banner is Bishop Leadbeater, and behind him is Mr. A. P. Warrington, vice-president of the Theosophical Society

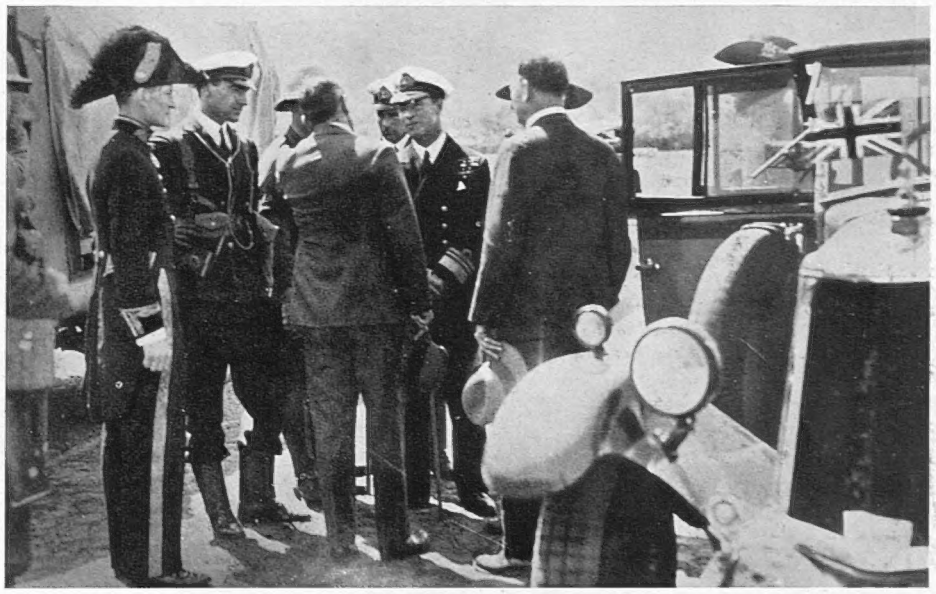
A CHANCE IN HOLLYWOOD: Nita Harvey, Lucille du Toit, Loretta Walker, and Gwenllian Gill, the four girls who will represent British beauty in the Paramount "Search for Beauty" Contest They left for California last week

THE TRIAL of a CHIEF

Tshekedi Faces Admiral Evans at Palapye Road, Bechuanaland

VICE-ADMIRAL EVANS announcing his suspension of Acting-Chief Tshekedi of the Bamangwato (right, centre) after the inquiry into the flogging of Phineas McIntosh—a white man living in the native city of Serowe. Over 2,000 natives, who had gathered at the little wayside station of Palapye Road, received the verdict of the court in silence. *Inset*—A new portrait of Tshekedi taken during the trial. Last week he was re-instated after writing a letter to the High Commissioner of South Africa declaring that he was prepared to abandon any right to deal with a case in which a European was concerned

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: Phineas McIntosh (left), the European who was flogged at Tshekedi's order, and his friend McNamee, who stood by him during the trial. Both men have been ordered to leave Bechuanaland



BRITAIN INTERVENES: Vice-Admiral Evans being received at Palapye Road when he arrived to conduct the inquiry into the actions of Acting-Chief Tshekedi. He was accompanied by an armed force of a hundred marines and a hundred seamen who travelled with him from the South African Naval base at Simons Town, Cape Province

THE AUDIENCE: Bamangwato Bechuana natives assemble with their wooden boxes and stools for the trial at Palapye Road Station

THE NAVY IN BECHUANALAND: Vice-Admiral Evans' bluejackets assembled at Palapye Road for the trial. Their presence was merely a precautionary measure, as the Bechuana people are on the whole peaceloving

BY AIR TO KUFRA: THE

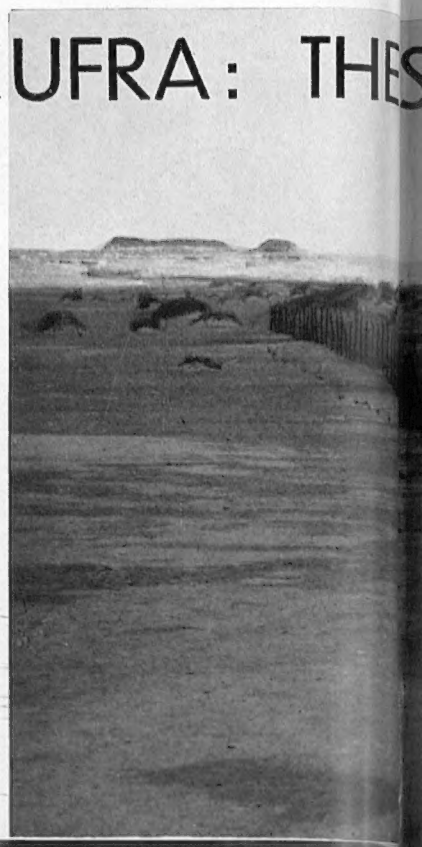
By MARIE-EDITH DE BONNEUIL

(The writer shares with Rosita Forbes the distinction of being one of the only two white women who have visited the oasis)

A journey to Kufra, sacred oasis of the Libyan desert and one-time Mecca of those holding the stern beliefs of the Senussi, even in these days savours of romance as well as adventure. For since 1921, when that intrepid traveller, Rosita Forbes, blazed the trail across the waterless desert, no other woman has followed her.

Everyone remembers that world-famous visit to Kufra, but few really know, who live outside the desert, what this single word holds of sanctity, secrecy, and Muslim fatalism. For it is here, shrouded from the world beyond by dunes and moving sands, that the Mahdi lies buried, his tomb facing towards Asia's Mecca. He was the new

THE SECOND WHITE WOMAN TO REACH THE MECCA OF THE LIBYAN DESERT: Mrs. Marie-Edith de Bonneuil with the two *akwans* who received Rosita Forbes after her dramatic three-weeks' journey to Kufra in 1921



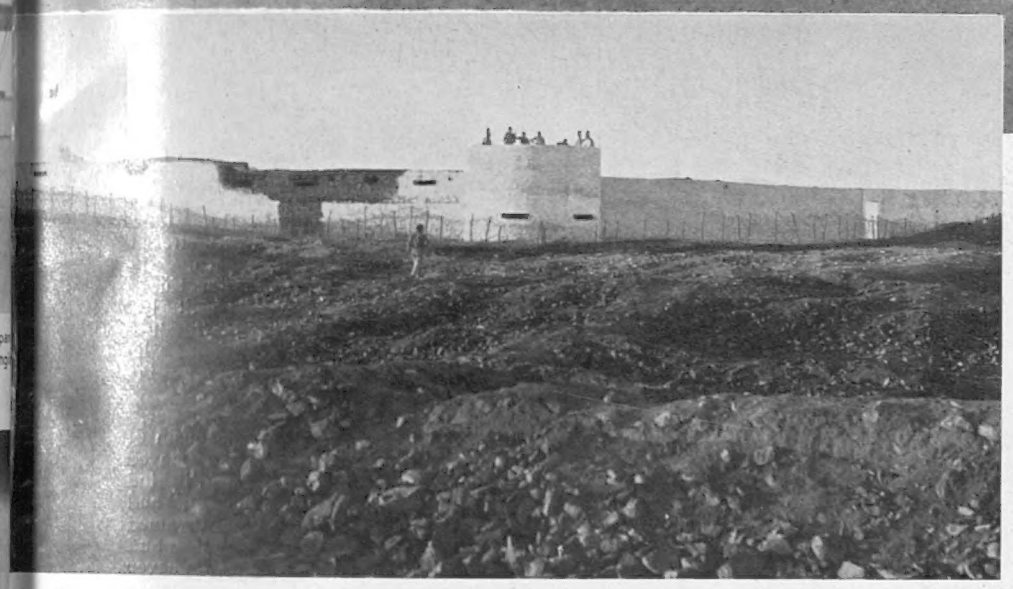
AN AERIAL ADVENTURE: Mrs. de Bonneuil with the three airmen who accompa her on her eight-hour trans-desert flight to Kufra. The 'plane is a three-eng Caprone of the Italian Air Force

JAGHABUB FROM THE AIR: The once-Arab University which surrendered to the Italians in 1931, and at which all Islamic teaching has now ceased. The place was visite by Rosita Forbes during her journey in 1921, and since that time the room which she occupied has been carefully preserved with its original furnishings

ESACRED OASIS OF THE LIBYAN DESERT

Now an Armed Outpost of Italy's North African Possession

ITALY'S GREAT FRONTIER BARRIER OF BARBED WIRE which runs for 300 kms. from El Ramla, on the borders of Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, to Porto Bardia, on the Mediterranean. It is 12 metres wide and the wire, if laid out from end to end, would go round the world one-and-a-third times



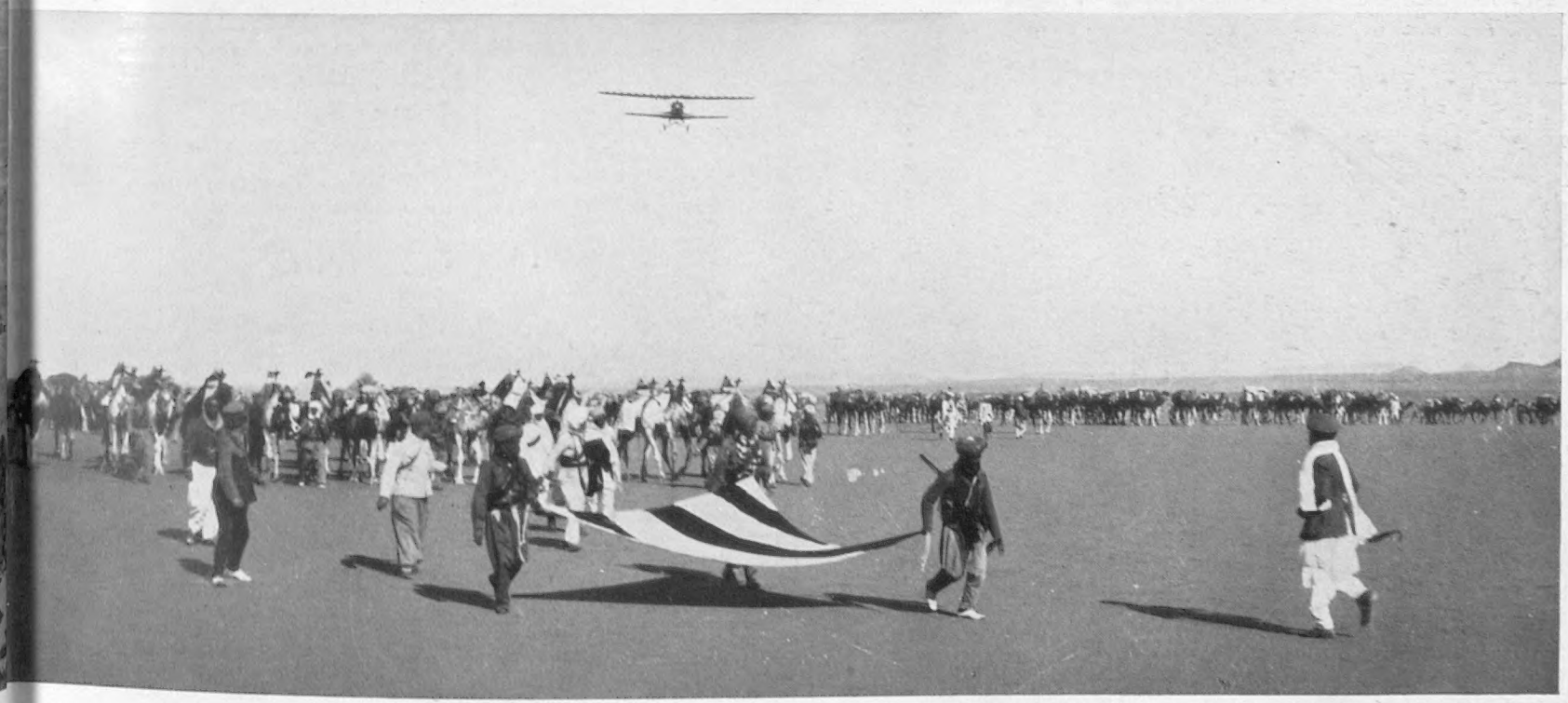
HE ITALIAN FORT AT KUFRA: These sturdily-built walls, constructed after the Italian conquest of the oasis, enclose all the old Senussian buildings and the offices of the Fascist administration

Messiah of Islam, prophet and undaunted warrior at one and the same time, who dreamt of gathering the whole Muslim world into his Senussian confraternity, who died in battle against the French, and whose body was brought to the desert oasis to form the object of one of Islam's most sacred pilgrimages.

I started my great adventure from the air camp at Berka, the whole Cyrenaican Air Force turning out to see us off. Our 'plane, a huge three-engined Caprone, was packed to capacity. Sitting anywhere on travelling bags, cases of provisions, camp stools, etc., we somehow managed to make ourselves comfortable as the 'plane roared above the desert on its 1,200 kilometres journey.

What a contrast, I thought, was our eight-hour trip to that weary three-weeks' trek by camel made by Rosita Forbes only a little more than a decade ago. Even a fleeting glimpse through the mica windows of that monotonous immensity of desert below

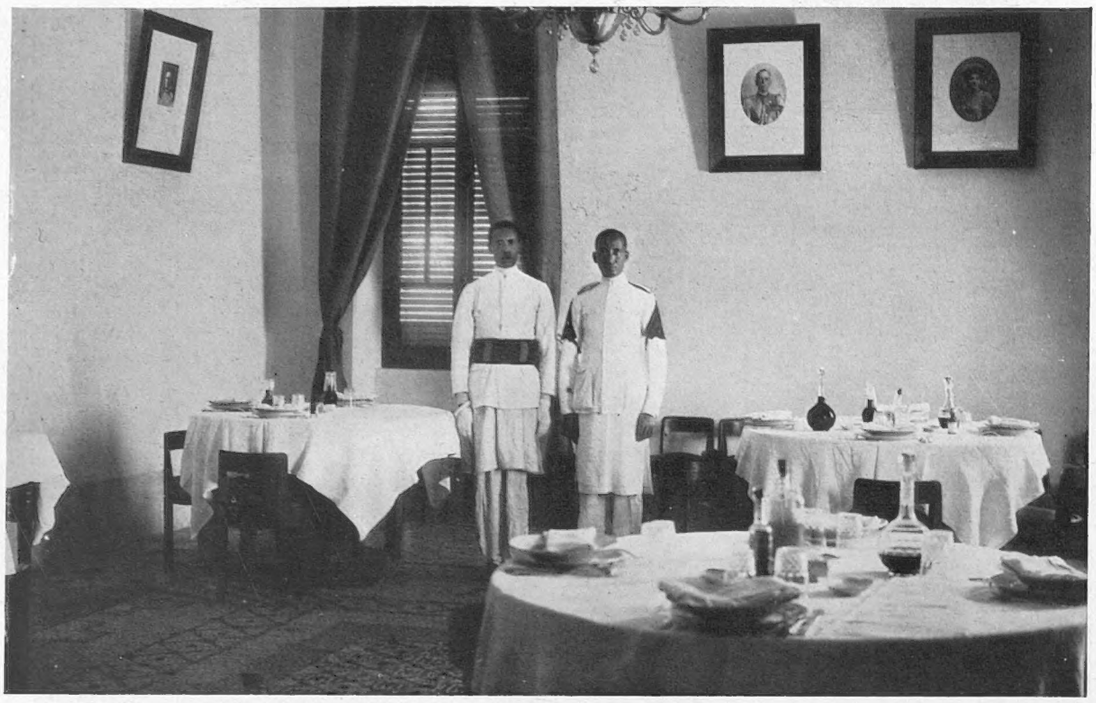
(Continued on p. 8)



HOW ITALY DOMINATES THE DESERT: The aeroplane plays a vital part in the direction of Libyan affairs and links up and protects the country in a way which otherwise would be quite impossible. A machine is seen about to land in a desert camp guided by the striped signal in the foreground

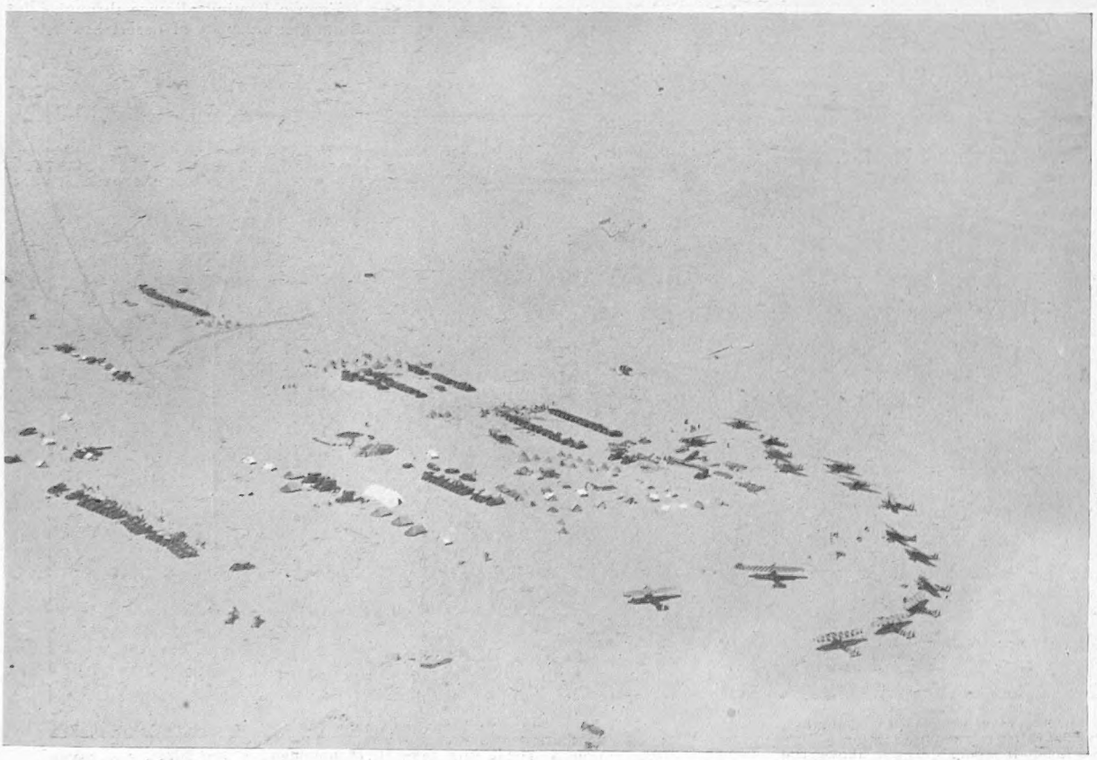
BY AIR TO KUFRA

(*Continued from p. 7*)



KUFRA TO-DAY: The dining-room of the officers' quarters showing the high standard of comfort provided for those assisting in the desert administration. The furnishings and building materials for the fort were all brought by air from the Libyan coast. Note on the right the portraits of the King and Queen of Italy with the Duce on the left

ONE OF THE FIRST AERIAL VIEWS OF KUFRA: In spite of a serious shortage of water, the district, during summer, produces a wonderful harvest of grapes, olives, lemons, figs, melons, peaches, and other fruits



SOMEWHERE IN LIBYA: Italian aircraft gathered round a camp during operations in the desert. Rows of heavy transport vehicles can be seen lined up near the tents

made me begin to realize her marvellous enterprise and determination. The moving panorama told, too, of conquests over Nature, as lorries, seemingly no bigger than flies, threaded their way across the sand, and here and there a petrol station or aerodrome came for a moment into view. An old land was forming into line, for better or for worse, with civilization.

Having left Bengasi in four degrees above zero we arrived in Kufra in fifty degrees in the shade, pushed by a terrible ghibli which made visibility nil and compelled us to navigate by the sextant. "Kufra! Kufra!" shout the officers, and all of a sudden, behind the "Montagne de Feu," Kufra appeared.

As a garrison town Italian Kufra certainly lacks nothing in modernity. A fine hospital, a school, a post office, and officers' quarters that would do credit to Rome itself are all features of this desert outpost. First and foremost, however, I wanted to see the Mahdi's tomb, although I hesitated to mention this name in "Senussia Delenda," as I was told that the mosque was closed for political reasons.

However, I was allowed to visit it. Sadly enough its entrance looks like a military storehouse. Odd things are gathered there: camp beds, rugs, jugs, etc. Suddenly on the right, in a dark aisle, I was face to face with the Mahdi's tomb, covered with a simple red pall. Around are other squares of sand and stones—twenty-nine in all. They are the tombs of the members of his family. So pass the mighty. . . . This is all that remains of the powerful rule which united the three Arabic lands, and an empire stretching from the Nile to Morocco.

As for the new Italian Kufra, from a Senussi Vatican it has turned into a Libyan Gibraltar. Outside the zaria two akwans who received Rosita Forbes were waiting for me.

"It was I who received her," says Mohamed el Bakri, cousin of Mohamed Idriss. "She stayed seven days with us. Look, behind those blue curtains she slept," and he pointed to the house of Mohamed el Abed. "She did eat and sit and dress like one of us. But we never saw her face as she was always veiled."

After a few days in Kufra I left for Jaghabub, and here again I came in contact with those who had known Rosita. I was shown the room where she slept, which to every akwan is sacred. No Italian officer has ever passed this door.

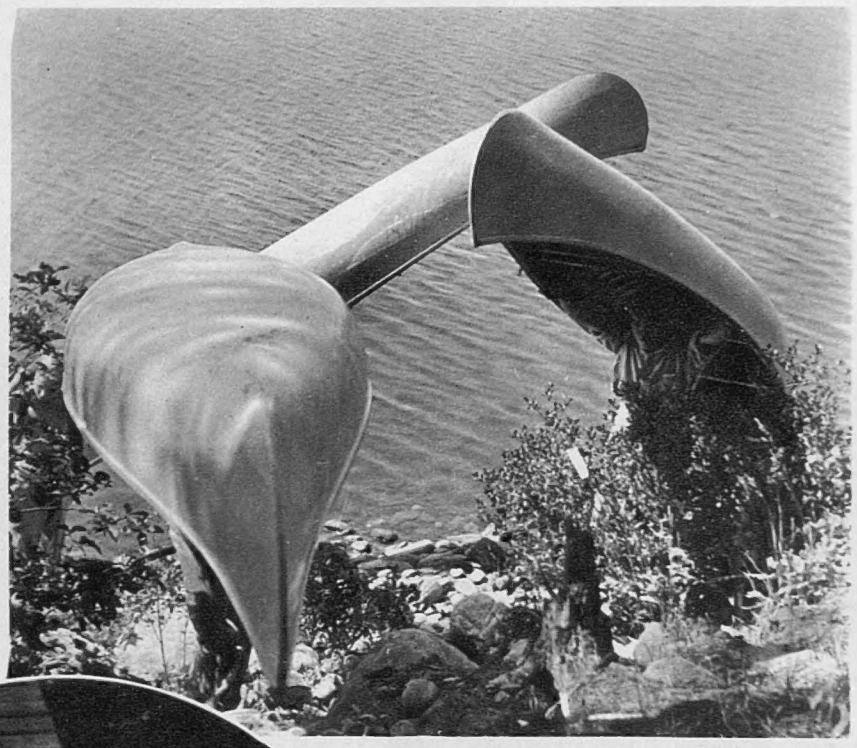
One of the most curious sights of the surroundings of Jaghabub is the famous Relicolato. It is a huge strategic work which cost Italy 20,000,000 liras and serves as an artificial frontier of barbed wire. It is a fence of 49,980,928 metres of interlaced wire, and from end to end it would go round the world at least one and a third times.

This colossal modern artificial "iron river" flows for 300 kilometres from El Ramla on the borders of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to Porto Bardia on the coast. It is twelve metres wide, and three forts, six blockhouses, three air camps, and numerous sentinels keep guard on these fearful embankments. From time to time a Bedouin falls—a heap of bones. For no camel, no man, no goat, not even a letter can go through it. It has completely crushed the rebellion and serves as a custom house barrier. On the other side the land of the Pharaohs glitters in the sun. And pleasure ships in Alexandria, and Cairo land sightseers for the Pyramids and the Nile. To each one his destiny. Good-bye, entrancing, cruel, strange, wonderful desert.

CANOEING in CANADA

A Popular Summer Sport Among the Young Campers of the Dominion

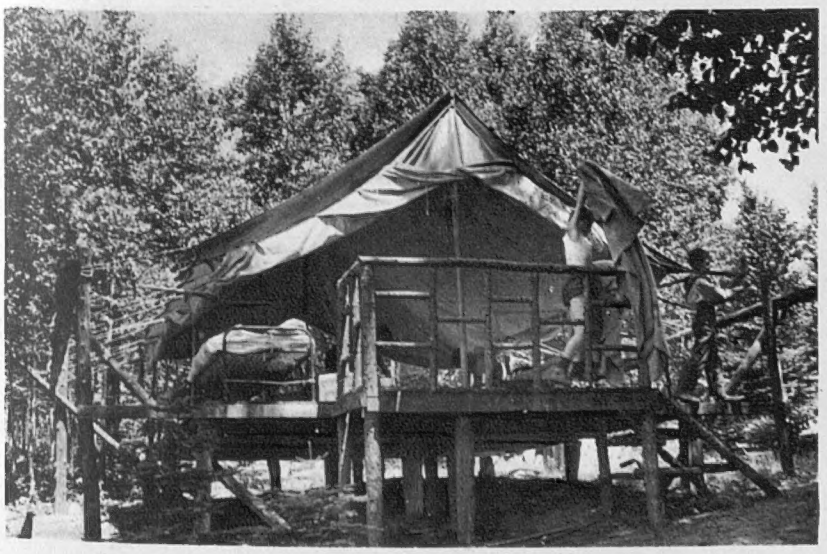
PRELUDE TO A DAY'S SPORT: These canoes, although built of feather-light wood, take a strong man to handle them when out of the water



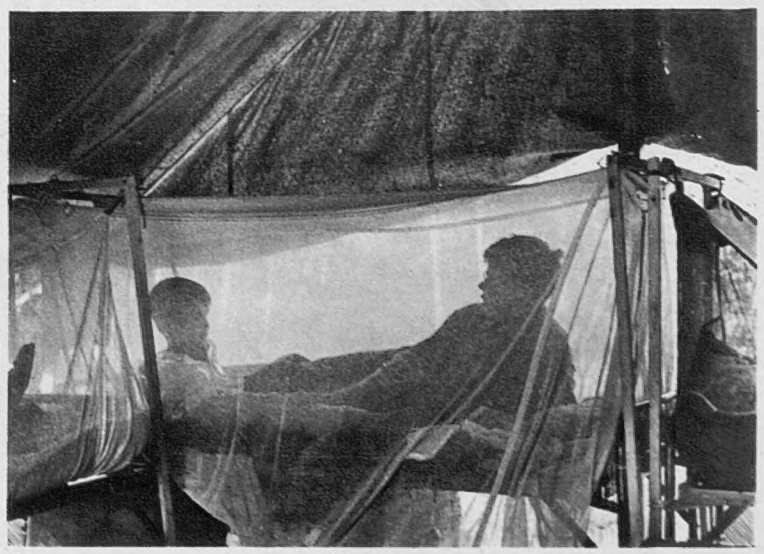
CARRYING THEIR OWN CANOES: Campers among the Canadian lakes bring their weighty craft to the water's edge

HOLIDAY CAMPERS leaving a lakeside jetty for a day's canoeing. It will be noticed that they paddle after the Indian style, half standing and half kneeling, with the weight of the body thrust on to the right knee

THE MIDDAY MEAL: Youthful campers, exhibiting a fearsome display of knives, hungrily await the next course. *Circle, above*—THE MORNING TOILETTE: Where the waters of the lake provide a combined mirror and washing place



THE CAMP IN THE WOODS: Holidaymakers near the Canadian lakes are always assured of excellent accommodation. The above picture shows a typical log-built camp erected above the ground to ensure protection from the damp



SIESTA: The young campers take their afternoon rest under the protection of a mosquito net. While "roughing it" is the tradition of those who take their holidays in the wilds, the camp authorities see to it that the accommodation is healthy

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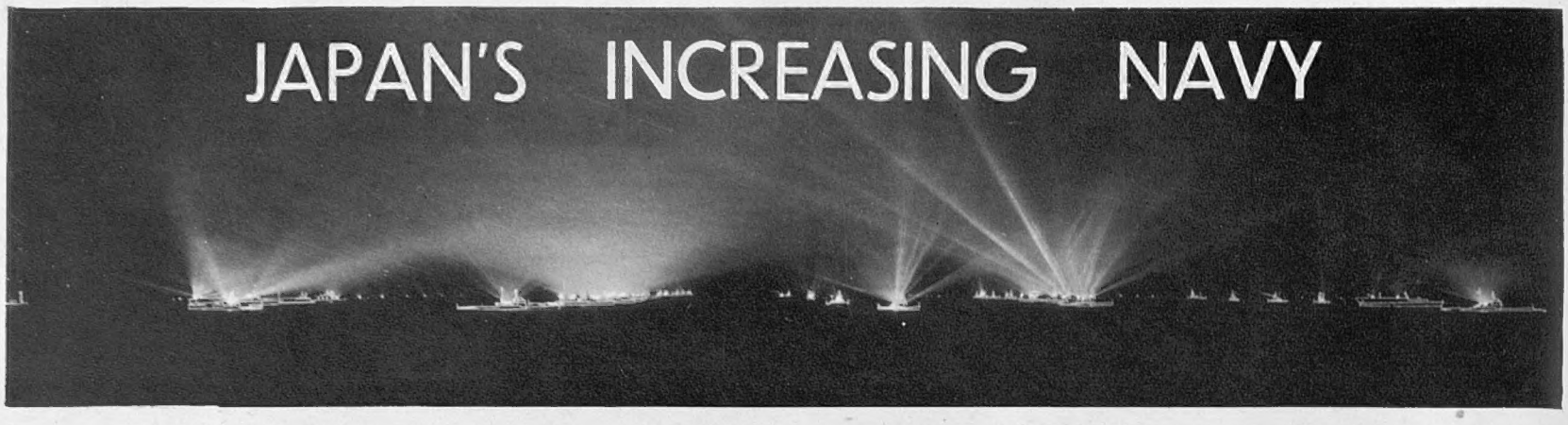
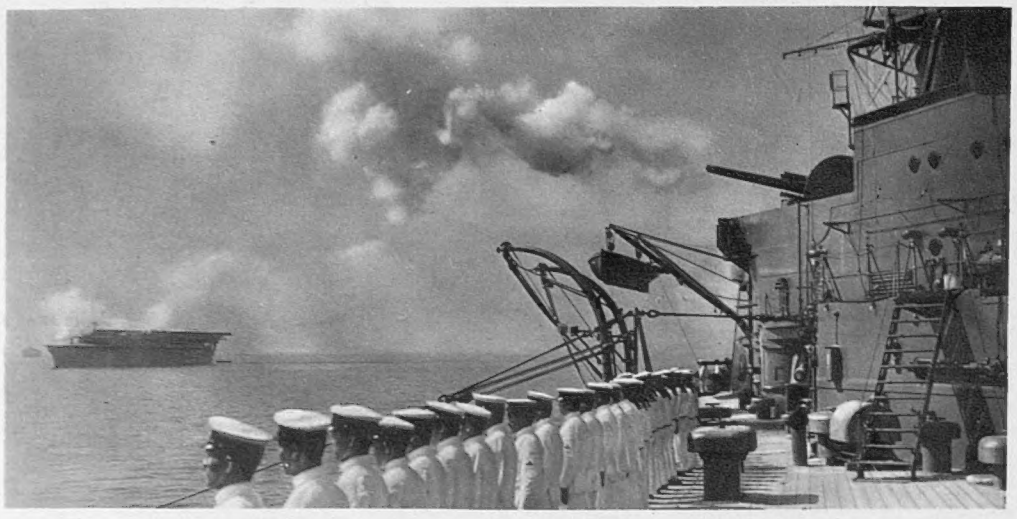
JAPAN'S INCREASING NAVY

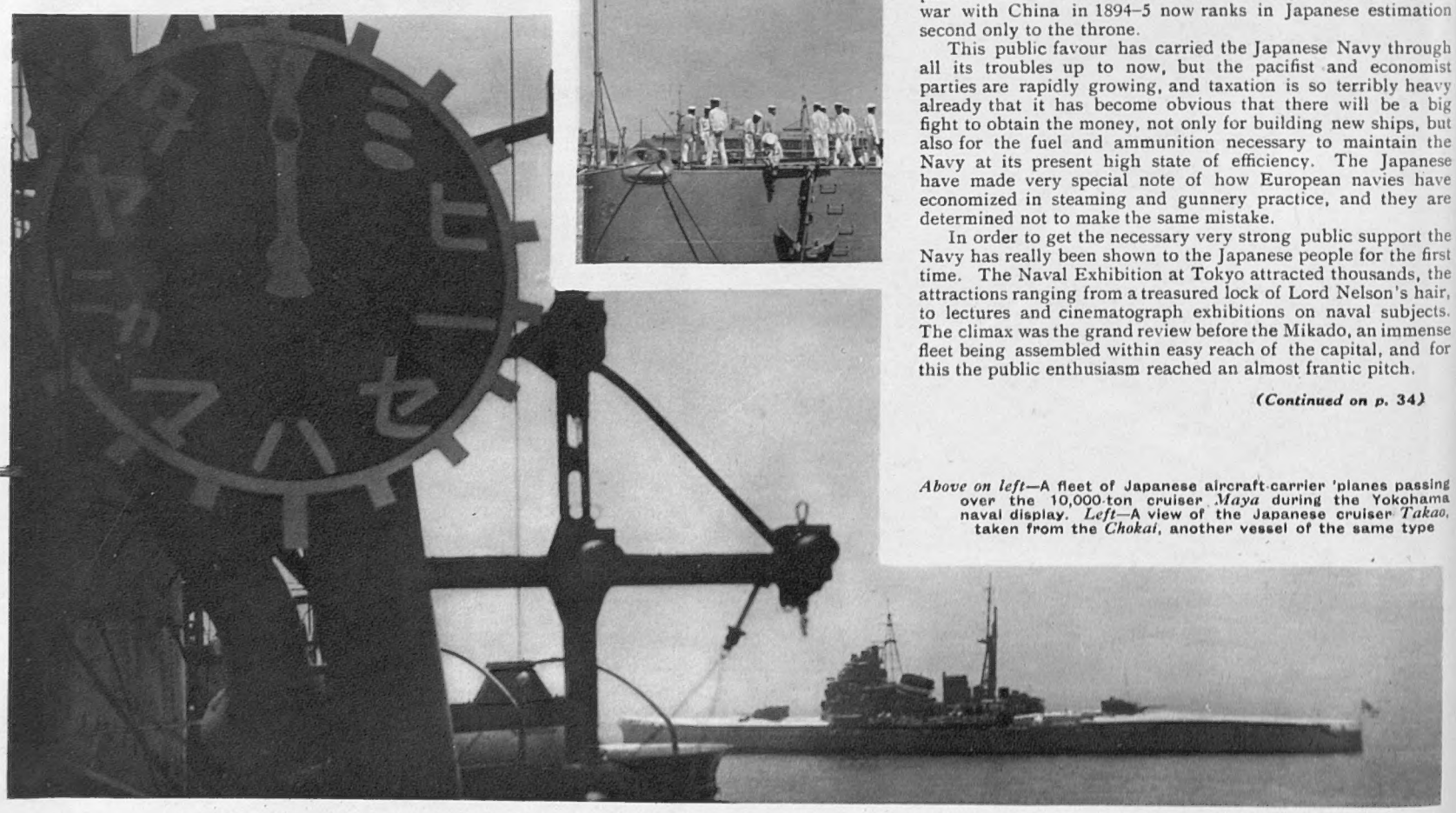


WARSHIPS OF THE JAPANESE NAVY illuminating the night sky during the recent display off Yokohama



MEN OF THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP "MUTSU" stand to attention as a salute of twenty one guns is fired in honour of the Emperor. In the distance is the aircraft-carrier *Kaga*

THE NAVY AND AIR FORCE COMBINE: Another picture of the great review off Yokohama which was attended a few weeks ago by a crowd of over 1,500,000



Above on left—A fleet of Japanese aircraft-carrier 'planes passing over the 10,000-ton cruiser *Maya* during the Yokohama naval display. *Left*—A view of the Japanese cruiser *Takao*, taken from the *Chokai*, another vessel of the same type

How, with Forty Vessels on the Stocks, She is Pushing Forward Her Great Replacement Programme and Building a Navy as Formidable as Any Other in the World

By FRANK C. BOWEN

At the present time the attention of naval experts all over the world is centred on Japan, for it is from the Island Empire that the next big naval move is expected. Under the Washington Agreement the ratio of capital ships owned by Britain, the United States, and Japan was fixed at 5, 5, 3, while cruisers and other auxiliary ships were only limited in size and power. The London Agreement carried the ratio to cruisers and other craft and caused very grave dissatisfaction in certain sections of the Japanese Navy, which has shown itself in assassination, plots, and the like among certain extremists. Some time ago the Powers received an official notification that Japan intended to ask for a revision of these ratios, not suggesting that she should be brought up to the British and American standards, but altering the ratios to such an extent that, giving due weight to the peculiar circumstances of the Japanese Navy, she will have a greater striking force concentrated in one place than is possible with either of the other fleets.

This official notification passed practically unnoticed until the United States announced her new building programme, partly by vote and partly by money set aside for unemployment relief. The Japanese programme published in answer to this is of a size which insists on full recognition and attention.

There is no doubt that the great body of public opinion in Japan steadfastly and truly believes that the only protection of the country lies in their Navy, and history has given them every reason for this belief. Founded on the British model, but recently modified out of all recognition to suit Japanese needs, the fleet is second to none in efficiency and is, perhaps, the last stronghold of the old traditional form of Japanese patriotism. Every officer and man is as keen as mustard on his job, and this enthusiasm has spread to the public: the service that was scorned before the sensational war with China in 1894–5 now ranks in Japanese estimation second only to the throne.

This public favour has carried the Japanese Navy through all its troubles up to now, but the pacifist and economist parties are rapidly growing, and taxation is so terribly heavy already that it has become obvious that there will be a big fight to obtain the money, not only for building new ships, but also for the fuel and ammunition necessary to maintain the Navy at its present high state of efficiency. The Japanese have made very special note of how European navies have economized in steaming and gunnery practice, and they are determined not to make the same mistake.

In order to get the necessary very strong public support the Navy has really been shown to the Japanese people for the first time. The Naval Exhibition at Tokyo attracted thousands, the attractions ranging from a treasured lock of Lord Nelson's hair, to lectures and cinematograph exhibitions on naval subjects. The climax was the grand review before the Mikado, an immense fleet being assembled within easy reach of the capital, and for this the public enthusiasm reached an almost frantic pitch.

(Continued on p. 34)

A "SPHERE" NEWS SURVEY

THE ISLAND OF MANY GOVERNMENTS: When the civilian staff of an Havana hotel deserted their posts, ex-officers of the Cuban army took over the work and, armed with Service revolvers, assisted as waiters, cleaners, and lift operators

HOLLYWOOD IN CHICAGO: The film colony's exhibit at the World's Fair, where those who imagine themselves as budding Garbos and Gables are able to undergo a screen test

ALL FOR A DOLLAR: Chairmen pushing their clients round the grounds of the Chicago World's Fair. Many of those engaged in this work are students striving to earn their University fees

THE GRAPE HARVEST IN SOUTHERN FRANCE: Pickers in the Cantenac vineyard, near Bordeaux, loading the grapes of a record-breaking harvest into a metal container carried on the back of a colleague. It is his duty to convey them to the waiting carts

A TRAGEDY IN THEATRELAND: Reporters outside the Palace Theatre taking down details of the Oscar Dufrenne murder, which has provided the French capital with one of the sensations of the year. The murdered man was one of the leading figures in the Parisian entertainment world

SPADE WORKERS: Frankfurt unemployed marching to the scene of their labours as Chancellor Hitler's big road-building project was put into operation last week. It is hoped that when the work is completed Germany will have the finest motor roads in Europe

A BALKAN OCCASION

Leading Statesmen of the Little Entente Assemble for the Jubilee Celebrations at Sinaia, Rumania, and for a Series of Discussions on the Future of South-Eastern Europe

WHEN MONARCHS MEET: Prince Nicholas leading the march past of troops before King Alexander of Jugoslavia (left) and King Carol of Rumania

In 1873 King Carol I of Rumania chose the little village of Sinaia high up in the Carpathian Mountains as his summer residence. Here he built the successive palaces of Pellish and Pelishor, of Foishor and Capacheni, and here in the castle of Pellish, with its fantastic turrets and battlements and its great centre court surrounded by a double-storied loggia in the Italian style, the present King Carol, a few days ago, gathered together a company of kings and queens, of princes and ministers, and invited guests from all parts of the country to witness the festivities organized to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the castle, his reconciliation with his brother Prince Nicholas, and the unveiling of the statues to King Carol I and his wife, Queen Elisabeth. Day after day, in the lovely setting of mountains and forests, there have been solemn Te Deums, military parades, gala entertainments, processions, State luncheons and dinners, and under the cover of the gaiety, the music, and the laughter, long serious political discussions, for King Carol's guests have included Dr. Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia; Dr. Jeftich, the Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, and Monsieur Titulescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, with other members of the Rumanian Cabinet. All this giving one to suppose that King Carol, heretofore a young man thinking only of pleasure and indulging in endless quarrels with his mother, his wife, his brother, and even, it has been rumoured, with the beautiful Madame Lupescu, has suddenly taken up the role of leader in the centre of Little Entente politics.

KING CAROL (left) chatting with his brother, Prince Nicholas, at the Sinaia Jubilee Celebrations

In the early spring of 1914 I met Prince Carol of Rumania when he came to St. Petersburg to pay his court to the Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest daughter of the Tsar. Tall and gawky, rather clumsy in his movements, with untidy fair hair, a red face, and pleasant blue eyes, he looked more like the son of some rough country squire than the heir to a Royal throne, and apparently he did not find favour in the eyes of the little Grand Duchess, who had very decided ideas of her own. Whether he did indeed propose marriage and was refused was never revealed, but rumour had it at the time that on one occasion he made advances that were not agreeable to the Tsar's daughter and received a smart box on the ears as a warning not to presume again.

I always found it difficult to associate the boy I had known in Russia with the subsequent stories of Prince Carol's tempestuous love affairs, his marriage to Princess Helen of Greece in 1921, his renouncement of all Royal rights for the sake of Madame Lupescu, his divorce in 1928, and dramatic return to Rumania in 1930. His father, who became King in 1914, reigned for only thirteen years, and, in spite of his rather insignificant appearance, proved himself a wise, sagacious, and popular ruler, though unkind critics always asserted that he was merely a cipher and that Queen Marie was the real King of Rumania. There can be no doubt that she very often, and not always too wisely, brought her influence to bear on current events, and she was largely instrumental in bringing Rumania into the war on the side of the Allies, even though it was done at so late a date that a French diplomat remarked caustically that she had been waiting to "*voler au secours du vainqueur*."

The death of King Ferdinand in 1927, followed a few months later by that of the powerful Prime Minister, Ion Bratiano, left Rumania torn between rival factions and harassed by party strife, while bribery, corruption, and dishonesty among her governing bodies resulted in her natural products running to waste. For Rumania, with her cherry orchards, her rolling fields of wheat and grain, the black soil of the Pruth and Dniester basins, is richer than any of the other countries of the Balkans, rich in her oilfields, in her coal, her vast salt deposits, her metallic ores, and the natural gas or *metan* of the Transylvanian plains; rich, too, in the beauty of her country, in her poetry and music, the picturesque customs of the peasants. Few things, for instance, look so attractive as the processions that at Christmas time go from house to house carrying great paper stars lit inside with coloured candles, or than the "paparuda" danced at times of drought by girls dressed in grass and leaves, over whom the housewives pour buckets of water in token that rain will soon be on the way.

People who have never been to the Balkans find it difficult to realize the charm of these countries; they talk of them as the plague spots in Europe, countries of turmoil and dissension, of lawlessness and crime; they cannot understand how those who have been there can uphold their cause or retain any pleasant memories of places so wanting in the amenities of life. But there is a fragrance of youth in the Balkans, a clear radiance of atmosphere, a sense of adventure that eludes one in Western Europe, and that is pleasurable, in spite of the fear that at any moment something may happen, something that will sweep away all the modern bulwarks of civilization and progress so carefully erected in a country where Nature will always remain wild and primitive.

"All the troubles in Europe originate in the Balkans," somebody once remarked; and just twenty-five years ago, on October 5, 1908, the Declaration of Bulgarian Independence, and the Austrian Annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina laid the trail of gunpowder that was to lead to the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo and the outbreak of the Great War.

But now, perhaps, the conversations at Sinaia will result in something good coming from the Balkans and may mark a turning point in the troubled history of Central Europe, for a definite step has been taken towards the proposed plan of a Federation of Danubian States—a plan which would counteract the threat of German penetration into Austria and give a new lease of life to the impoverished countries.

Not long ago Signor Mussolini remarked that the era of conferences was passing, and the recent meeting at Sinaia seemed indeed to throw back to the splendour of the old congresses when emperors and kings met, and the talks and deliberations on international affairs were attended by the pomp and circumstance of Royal entertainments as in the days of the congresses of Vienna.

M. B.

THREE QUEENS AT SINAIA: Left to right—The Archduchess Ileana, Queen Marie of Jugoslavia, ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece, and Queen Marie of Rumania watching the march past of troops at the recent Jubilee festivities

GERMANY'S ARISTOCRACY OF THE SOIL

HOME FOR MORE THAN FIVE CENTURIES: The farm of the Wählburg family in the Province of Hanover which has been handed down from father to son since the beginning of the fifteenth century. It is the peasant folk who live in these old homes who, according to Hitler's Minister of Agriculture, are to form the basis of Nazi Germany's regenerated aristocracy of the soil

HENS SITTING ON THEIR EGGS in the home-made baskets provided for their use on the walls of an Hanoverian farm building

GERMAN PEASANT ART: The farmer's wife displays some of the family treasures

The most significant development in Germany's social revolution is to be noted in the remarkable scheme relating to land ownership now being urged forward by Walter Darre, Hitler's Minister of Agriculture. It is his ambition that Germany shall create a new aristocracy of the soil, and that men of true Nordic blood shall run their own farms, taxation free, and hand them on when they die to their youngest sons. Thus, by an unbroken chain of succession, it is hoped that a ruling class will emerge capable of maintaining German agricultural prosperity. There will be no harmful dividing up of property, and each farm will be sufficiently large to keep a man and his family. The accompanying series of pictures, illustrating some of the centuries-old peasant farms of Hanover, show how the foundations of such a system already exist

A FARMSTEAD OF THE MEYERHÖFE: The inner roofed court of an ancient Hanoverian peasant home. It is here that the bulk of the work is done in winter

FARMER WÄHLBURG AND HIS WIFE seen in the main living room of their 500-year-old farmhouse

THE FARM-HANDS' QUARTERS: While one of the men reads his daily paper the other prepares the sticks for the morning fires. Note the Westphalian hams suspended from the ceiling

THE PICTURESQUE GARB OF THE ASSYRIANS IN THEIR NATIVE VILLAGES: These two men exhibit the clean-cut facial traits noticeable among many of the Assyrians. They are keen-eyed, straight-lipped, and erect in bearing

AN ASSYRIAN GUARD AT ZAKHO, IRA
which they assumed when they bec
inherent smartness won instant

AT DULIP LEVY CAMP: An Assyrian in his colourful native garb carrying a dagger in his broad belt

A TYPICAL GROUP OF ASSYRIAN LEVY OFFICERS: These Nestorian officers were formerly of the 2nd Battalion, Iraq Levies. Some show slightly Oriental characteristics, while others are completely Occidental in appearance

ASSYRIAN LEVIES

ing the Fine Physique and Military of the Nestorian Christians

The [illegible] are wearing the khaki kit tra[illegible]es under British officers. Their niti[illegible]r commanders

A TURKOMAN KURDISH TYPE OF COUNTENANCE: These men are very different from the Nestorians and exhibit Mongoloid characteristics

What are the Assyrians? That is the question which, even now, when the fate of this brave little "nation" is so much before the eyes of the world, some people are still [illegible]

[illegible]ria—ancient Assyria, that is—[illegible] east of Mesopotamia. It [illegible]ed on the north by Armenia; [illegible]h by Babylon; on the east [illegible]tow the modern Kurdistan; [illegible] it embraced a certain part [illegible] country on the west bank of the

[illegible]n history dates back to some 7[illegible] years before Shalmanezer I, who [illegible]nd reigned about 1320 B.C. Their earliest known capital was Assur (now called Kalaat Shergat), but they seem to have transferred to Nineveh [illegible] the time of Shalmanezer I. [illegible]h, of course, fell before the [illegible] early in the seventh century B.C., and with its collapse the Assyrian Empire ceased to exist.

There seems here to be a missing link which it is not easy to supply with historical accuracy—the link between the story of the Assyrians of the Old Testament and the people we know to-day. Some say there is no connection between the two, but others (amongst whom I believe is Wigram) maintain that they are their direct descendants. We must remember, however, that the Assyrian people of Northern Iraq, called the Chaldeans, who live on the Mosul plain round Donuk, are *racially* the same as the Nestorians whose homes were in Eastern Turkey round Julamerk. The Lowlanders are Chaldean Catholics, whereas the Highlanders, with whom this article is concerned, have kept themselves distinct as followers of Nestorius. It is interesting to note that, taken as a whole, the country now occupied by the Chaldeans and Nestorians is not so very much farther north of the country in which the ancient Assyrians held sway.

In the past their religion and language were derived from the Babylonians, but to-day they speak a language called Syriac, which resembles the Aramaic spoken by our Lord. They became converted to Christianity before the end of the first century, and ever since then they have flaunted their faith in the face of Zoroastrian, Moslem, and Yezidi (Devil Worshipper). Their temporal and spiritual head is the Mar Shimun; this title became hereditary about 200 years ago and is now confined to one family. The present Mar Shimun or Assyrian patriarch is about twenty-five years old. His aunt—the Lady Surma—has always taken a lead in her people's fight for existence.

I first encountered the Assyrians at Diana Levies Camp near Rowanduz in Kurdistan two years ago. This camp, consisting of tents and well-constructed mud huts, lay in a cup of the mountains, approached by a so-called road across a grassy plain, on which poppies and yellow charlock made vivid splashes of colour against the green. The Assyrian village lies at the back.

This splendid fighting force was recruited in 1919, and finally established under the command of British officers in 1922. I was much struck by the fine physique of the men in their khaki uniforms and wide hats, ornamented by red or blue plumes—but not merely by their physique, for there is a nobility and tenacity of purpose in their clear blue eyes and fine featured faces. Looking at them it was not difficult to understand their officers' proud contention that the Assyrians compare favourably with many of our best native troops.

One could envisage these hardy mountaineers when in 1915 they threw in their lot with the Allies, and not unnaturally tried to shake off the yoke of a Moslem Power, fighting to the death in their beloved hills. Certainly, with their villages lying side by side with those of the Kurds, and, as it were, straddling northern Mesopotamia, south-east Turkey, and north-west

(Continued on p. 36)

ONE OF THE BEST TYPES OF ASSYRIAN ORDERLY: Daniel Oshana is standing to attention for his photograph. He exhibits the completely European cast of countenance which distinguishes many of these Assyrians from their Kurdish neighbours

OVERLOOKING THE KHABUR VALLEY: An Assyrian guard drawn up outside a post house near Zakho. Many of the Assyrian levies are now acting as Air Force Guards in Iraq

ROMANIZING the JAPANESE ALPHABET

The Necessity for Abolishing the Present Complicated Ideographs

By R. V. C. BODLEY

One of the first things which strike a foreigner on setting foot in Japan is the fact that everything, from the names of streets to the signs outside the shops, is written up in, what appears to him, unintelligible hieroglyphics. His mind before arrival has been saturated with accounts of the Westernization of modern Japan, the modernities of the N.Y.K. liner on which he has travelled have confirmed what he has heard, the crowds he has seen on the quay at Kobe or Yokohama have not looked very different from those in Marseilles or Southampton, but once on shore he has suddenly found himself in the midst of a disorderly mixture of Chinese characters and Japanese kana written up apparently without system. Even to a Japanese these signs, running vertically and horizontally from right to left and left to right, cannot be taken in at a glance.

In China, curiously enough, this sense of bewilderment is not so evident owing to the fact that foreigners live for the most part in their own concessions and hardly ever come in contact with real China. There are a great many foreign newspapers printed in China, while British, French, and American magazines and journals can be bought at the station bookstalls. In Japan there are very few papers printed in anything but Japanese characters, and foreign publications can be procured only in big cities like Tokyo or Kobe. Neither can this reading and writing difficulty be overcome by the mere learning of the language, for it takes Japanese schoolchildren years of patient study to acquire a knowledge of sufficient characters to permit them to decipher a page of a newspaper or write a coherent letter.

MEMBERS OF A JAPANESE CLUB who meet to discuss the problems relating to the abolition of ideographs and kana symbols

The Japanese written language is a mixture of Chinese ideographic characters and Japanese kana or phonetic symbols, of which there are fifty sounds. The total number of Chinese characters is 53,000, but not more than 5,000 are in daily use and 3,000 will suffice for the setting up of a newspaper; this proportion, though small, is nevertheless enormous when compared with the twenty-six letters of the Western alphabet. This restriction of characters has, moreover, the effect of making it necessary for article writers to consider carefully before composing a paragraph, and consequently diminishes the expressive power otherwise possible with the use of unlimited Chinese characters. There is a Japanese typewriter with 3,000 ideographs and two sets of kana symbols, but its working is laborious and it is too cumbersome to be carried about as is the Western portable machine, with an additional disadvantage of also limiting the vocabulary of the subject to be written about.

At first sight it would seem anomalous that the Japanese, who have achieved so much in the modernization of their country, should make no attempt to remedy this anachronism of writing; but it must be remembered that it is not merely a question of altering the entire spelling of the language, which would be difficult enough, but of revolutionizing the fundamental basis of instruction in Japan. Practically the whole period of a child's primary schooling, that is to say during six years, is spent in laboriously learning to paint ideographic characters, and differentiate between kana symbols, so that the abolition of these lessons would be greater than the abolition of the teaching of history in Europe.

There exists, however, in Japan a society known as the Romajikai, founded about 1886 by a body of influential persons, having as its object the adoption of Roman characters to replace the present system of writing; but though this is the first organized society with a concrete programme, the Western writing of Japanese dates from as far back as 1590 when the Jesuits brought a printing press from Europe on which colloquial translations of the Gospels were made. During the seventeenth century the Dutch traders did much to spread knowledge concerning the alphabet, while in 1868 a memorandum was drawn up and presented to the government of the Reformation urging the adoption of the Roman letters and the metric system. Shortly after this Dr. Hepburn published a Japanese-English dictionary in which he used a system of orthography, adopting the English usage of vowels and the Continental of consonants. This system of spelling is still employed at the railway stations on the main lines in Japan.

In 1900 the Department of Education in Tokyo appointed an official committee to study the best system of transliteration, and after deliberation decided on a compromise between the Hepburn system and the Nipponsiki or Japanese formula. After the Russo-Japanese War a new society calling itself the Romaji Hiromekwai was formed, its object being to promulgate the use of Roman characters without regard to the system of transliteration. All proposals from the extreme etymological to the extreme phonetic were welcome.

At present there are two main schools of Romanization of written Japanese, the Hepburn and the Nipponsiki, the former aiming at merely conveying the sound of the Japanese words familiarly to the Western ear, the latter at making the written language perhaps more scientific in its basis of spelling but easier to learn for a Japanese accustomed to ideographs and kana. From inquiries which I have myself made I have come to the conclusion that the majority of the educated classes in Japan are in favour of the Romanization of their written language, but no one cares to take the initial step. The Government is not certain of what action to take and waits for some popular movement before making a definite move.

As a matter of fact, once the decision is made and this method of teaching becomes law, it should not take long for the public as a whole to be educated up to the idea. All children who have passed into middle school and on into the university have to learn foreign languages and consequently Roman letters, so that there is already a proportion of the Japanese people who can read Western writing. It is, moreover, interesting to note that when one meets educated Japanese who may be incapable of saying two words of French or English they can always read a simple sentence in one of those languages, and I have frequently noticed when a train has been racing through a station that the passengers always looked at the name written in Roman letters. In the same way, when I have had to present a letter of introduction written in characters to some government official, I have invariably found that the recipient had to make a careful study of the document, there being no question of a cursory glance as under the same circumstances in Europe. An editor of a Japanese paper, to whom I occasionally furnish articles, told me that he regretted to be unable to commission more contributions, but that the translation of an English article of two columns filled up so much room that he could not afford the space, while in the same way a speech of 2,000 words which I broadcasted in Tokyo took me twelve minutes to deliver, but turned literally into Japanese would have taken over twenty minutes.

A JAPANESE TYPEWRITER: The cumbersome instrument which, with its 3,000 ideographs and two sets of kana symbols, is still only capable of catering for a strictly limited vocabulary

With the Romanization of the language this would all have been obviated, as the following translations from a story by Stevenson show:

"The young man with the cream tarts."

"Kurîmu-Tâto wo moti-aruku seinen."

"During his residence in London, the accomplished Prince Florizel of Bohemia gained the affection—"

"Tasinami no hukai Bohemia no Florizel Denka wa London ni otodomari no aida—"

"—of all classes by the seduction of his manner and by a well-considered gererosity."

"—sono Taido ga hito wo hikitukeru no to mata hitotu niwa Omoiyari ga hukai no to ni yotte subeteno Kaikû kara sitasimi wo ukete ita."

The same sentence written in ideographs and kana would have filled many vertical columns and not reproduced the exact sense.

As pointed out before, only those students who have passed on beyond primary schools learn foreign writing, but Romazi societies are giving lectures to fifth and sixth year classes in elementary schools free of charge, which are well attended, chiefly owing to the fact that children who are obliged to go early in life to earn a living find it impossible to get employment in any of the big shops if they cannot read the Roman letters.

In this way, therefore, progress is being made. The new system of writing has, moreover, been adopted in international map-making, hydrography, weather charts, etc. Many authorities on philosophy, science, literature, and music have also written books in Nipponsiki. The Ministry of Education has also appointed a committee to go into the matter and recommend some official system. Roman letters are considered legal in balloting for parliamentary elections; but though in Turkey a successful reform has already been accomplished, in other countries the process of adaptation is only in progress, or is facing strong opposition. This is, perhaps, not so peculiar as it sounds, because more than half the population of the world lives in countries where systems of writing other than the Latin alphabet are in current use. However, as the general metrifying of weights, measures, and monetary currencies is slowly becoming the rule all over the world, let it be hoped that the Japanese will lead the way in standardizing writing which, apart from its general utility, will do much to help the Japanese nation to make its position felt in the world, in that it will be possible for anyone with a smattering of their language to read their newspapers, and the real opinion of her people become universally known.

EASTERN HIEROGLPYHICS: The picturesque but complicated characters of a language that is probably more difficult than any other to westernize in juxtaposition with Roman lettering

PEDESTRIAN STUDIES

With and Without Police Control

THE NEED FOR CLEARLY DEFINED PEDESTRIAN CROSSINGS: How the Leyton Council is fulfilling a very definite want by the adoption of the new "Check-on" system which it is hoped will effectually minimize the risks at street crossings incurred both by vehicles and pedestrians

Above and top right—WITH AND WITHOUT THE LAW: Two views of the same crossing, contrasting the chaotic conditions existing when there is no man on point duty, and the orderly progress of pedestrians when he is there to allow them a few moments of unrestricted right-of-way. *Right*—MAKERS OF LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM: The slow-moving horse-drawn vehicle, the speedy private car, the bulky 'bus, and the "not-to-be denied" motor cycle

LONDON'S HAPPY-GO-LUCKY FOOT PASSENGERS: As the City to the West-End traffic moves along the Embankment, pedestrians, all seemingly adept at the art, dash in and out among the cars and other vehicles. A defined crossing is very necessary here, as a tramway stopping point on the right and the approach to Charing Cross underground station on the left make conditions decidedly difficult for everyone concerned

FRANCE'S NEW NIGHT AIR MAIL SERVICE: Loading mail bags on to the first 'plane to leave Le Bourget the new service between Paris and the southerly French provinces

LORD LONDONDERRY, Secretary of State for Air, welcoming the delegates to the International Air Conference

HLRR M. K. KREBS, General Manager of Det Danske Luftfartselskab, A.S., listens to the Air Minister's speech

HERR SCHMIDT-REX AND MAJOR M. WRONSKY who are attending the conference on behalf of the Deutsche Luft Hansa A.G.—one of Germany's leading air transport companies

MR. G. E. WOODS HUMPHERY (chairman), Managing Director of Imperial Airways, and Dr. A. Ehinger (vice-chairman) seen at the conference

HERR M. F. STOCES, Manager of the Ceskoslovenska Statni Aerolinie, and Herr Boshulav Stulik, Commercial Manager of the Ceskoslovenska Letecka Spolecnost

M. ALLEGRE, Managing Director of Compagnie Air France, who flew from Paris for the meeting

INTERNATIONAL AIRMEN CONVERSE

Delegates from Thirty Nations Meet at Lincoln's Inn

THE INTERNATIONAL AIR TRAFFIC ASSOCIATION MEETS AT THE OLD HALL, LINCOLN'S INN: A general view of the gathering on the opening day when delegates from some thirty air transport companies assembled to hear Lord Londonderry's inaugural address. In the course of his speech Lord Londonderry pointed out that since 1928, when the association last met in London, the mileage of the routes covered by regular air lines throughout the world had increased from 9,000 to 200,000

SOLVING NEW YORK'S AIR PORT PROBLEM: A plan of the huge project which the architects, Mr. Andrew Reinhard and Mr. Henry Hofmeister, have created in collaboration with Commander Frank M. Hawks. It is proposed that the landing ground be built 200 ft. above the docks on the Hudson River with sufficient facilities to allow of fast mail 'planes alighting in the heart of the city in all weather conditions. The vast structure would also be a main distributing centre for incoming mails whether from ship or 'plane, high-speed pneumatic mail tubes, distributing letters to the post offices of New York within a few minutes of being received. The plan, which has the favourable support of Mr. Clarence Chamberlain, the Atlantic airman, has been put before the Commissioner of the Port of New York Authority

A FRENCH RECORD BREAKER: The machine in which M. Louis Allegre, Managing Director of the Compagnie Air France, flew from Paris to the International Air Conference in London. The 'plane is a Deiwoitine (No. 332 class) and completed the journey in the record time of 1 hr. 14 min.

A NEW AIR-LINER FOR AMERICA'S TRANS-CONTINENTAL SERVICE: This giant W. A. Douglas machine, with its twin Cyclone engines of 700 h.p., has been selected by Colonel Charles Lindbergh for high speed mail carrying. It will seat fourteen passengers and has a tested speed of over 200 m.p.h.

A NEW GERMAN JUNKERS MONOPLANE: The *General-feldmarschall von Hindenburg* seen on a recent visit to Croydon. She carries forty-one passengers and has a cruising speed of over 100 m.p.h.

ON THE CROYDON TO THE CAPE SERVICE: Refuelling and overhauling a giant Imperial Airways liner about to depart with passengers for Central and South Africa

COMMERCIAL AIR SPEEDS

A Comparison with the Performances of Continental and American Machines

The satisfactory position which British commercial aviation has for some time held finds itself seriously threatened from a new angle—speed. British machines have long had a reputation for soundness of construction, reliability, and for economy in general flying costs. This may well be so, but the fact remains that *there is not one British commercial passenger-carrying 'plane that can compete in speed with the latest American, French, Dutch, or German commercial machines either in the lighter classes or in the multi-passenger classes.*

The only successful approach is the Boulton and Paul *mail carrier* with a top speed of 195 m.p.h. at 5,000 ft., a cruising speed of 172 m.p.h., and a disposable load of 4,375 lb. All the others fall short of foreign speeds by anything from 40–70 m.p.h. Why? Have British manufacturers' ideas on the design *for performance* of their machines become stereotyped? If one 'plane can be produced to carry 4,375 lb. at an easy speed of 172 m.p.h., why cannot others? The air-travelling public will quickly respond to increased speeds, and the market for high-speed aeroplanes *does* exist.

An outstanding instance is provided by the Percival Gull, the fastest British light 'plane yet produced. Although it is only a short time ago since production of this machine began, as many as twenty-four have already been sold and are in use in various parts of the earth. Yet the maximum speed of the Gull is only 164 m.p.h. as against 225 m.p.h. officially recorded of the fastest comparable German machine, the Heinkel H.E. 70. And the performance of the Boulton and Paul machine will soon be eclipsed in its own sphere by the new Dutch Pander high-speed mail carrier now being constructed to fly from Holland to Batavia, a distance of 8,700 miles, in four days. This machine will be a low-wing monoplane with a top speed of 224 m.p.h. obtained from *three* Wright Whirlwind engines developing 420 h.p. each, as against *two* Bristol Pegasus developing 555 h.p. each in the Boulton and Paul. This seeming advantage is offset, however, by the increased useful load, which will be 1,345 lb. more than that of the British 'plane.

But the difference in the performances of these two 'planes is not so great as to warrant any urgent letter to Calcutta, Rangoon, or Victoria Point being marked specifically "Via K. L. M." What is more worrying is the almost out-of-dateness of our largest air-liners. The fastest of these is the Armstrong-Whitworth Atalanta type cruising at 118–130 m.p.h. at 7,000 ft. on a minimum expenditure of power and petrol, and carrying ten passengers. Contrast this with the American Boeing 247, carrying the same number of passengers. Its *cruising* speed is 171 m.p.h. or 15 m.p.h. more than the top speeds of the Atalantas. It will be argued that the latter machines were built for special conditions in flying over Africa, but are these conditions so vastly different from those obtaining on the coast-to-coast route in America, on which the sixty new Boeing 'planes ordered by United Air Lines will be used? It is, too, a known fact that Imperial Airways speeds are often underestimated, but I doubt whether any amount of under-rating will account for the difference of 41 m.p.h. in cruising speeds.

Nor is the Boeing 247 the fastest American air liner. There is the Northrop Delta low wing monoplane in service on Transcontinental and Western Air Lines. It has only a single 700-h.p. Cyclone engine, yet its *cruising speed* is 187 m.p.h. There is the Cord "V-1," designed by Gerald Vultee, under construction to carry eight passengers for American Airways at 195 m.p.h. with the same 700-h.p. Cyclone engine. There is Lockheed's Electra at 180 m.p.h., and Orion also in service on T.W.A. at 200 m.p.h. Last but not least there is the Douglas D.C.1 twin-engined air-liner carrying twelve passengers for long flights and eighteen for short ones. Fitted with two Wright Cyclone engines of 700 h.p. it is capable of 206 m.p.h. at 8,000 ft. So that there is no mere solitary instance of one plane overshooting British performance figures. These entirely up-to-date machines represent a big step forward in the aircraft industry, and must stand in the new class of high speed commercial 'planes that is non-existent in Britain. They are not a few freak machines, but the ordinary and accepted transport 'planes establishing a higher standard rate of travel.

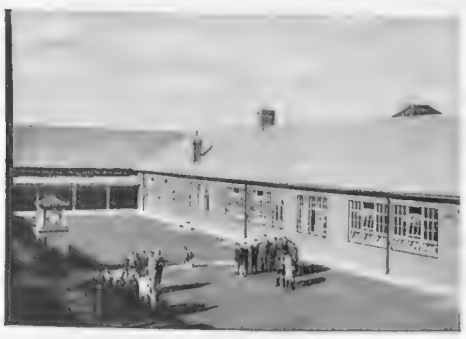
A NEW SUNSHINE SCHOOL AT ERITH

CONVERTIBLE CLASSROOMS: These spacious rooms are so constructed that in summer-time they can be made almost completely open to the sun

A VERANDAH OF THE NEW SENIOR SCHOOL showing, on right, tne doors giving access to the various classrooms. These can be folded back to admit a healthy circulation of air

THE PAINTING CLASS: Another view of the new school showing the up-to-date design of the windows and the unusual height of the walls. The motivating principle is, of course, to allow students as much air and sunshine as possible. Erith Education Committee, which has been responsible for the work, occupies a specially autonomous position

IN THE EAST COURTYARD: Girl students at exercise during the afternoon session



A ONE-STOREY BUILDING used for Instruction in Domestic Science

The accompanying pictures give an excellent idea of the modern planning of the new Senior School at Northumberland Heath, Erith, which was opened on Thursday of last week by Councillor Christopher Whinnerah, chairman of the local Education Committee. Erith, unrestricted in the matter of space, the total site being 18 acres, has been able to carry out its scheme on most generous lines. The result is one and two-storey buildings only, lofty classrooms, and spacious courtyards, and the provision of facilities which in more cramped surroundings would be impossible. The local committee has made a point of fitting its £60,000 school with the most up-to-date educational apparatus, including such items as a theatre and public hall, spray baths, and medical inspection rooms, all of which testify to an enterprise which is already arousing deservedly favourable comment

THE GOSPEL OF THE OPEN AIR: A general view showing how the classrooms adjoin the main verandah and can be opened on one side by the folding back of the glass doors and partitions

THE LITTLE SEASON

Its Special Charms Described by CHARLES GRAVES

MR. GEORGE ROBEY seen at the Trocadero during his first appearance in cabaret. He received a tremendous ovation at the end of his performance

LONDON AWAKES: When the evenings have drawn in and the lights of Piccadilly, silhouetting the most beloved and discussed of sculptures, draw the crowds to the heart of theatreland

TAMBOO-BAMBOO: The native dance of Teneriffe in which Ferrita is delighting visitors to Romano's and New Murray's Club

No doubt some chronicler of Society can tell us when "the Little Season" was first coined as a phrase. I cannot. But it must go back a number of years. Many greedy people like myself consider it the most attractive time of the year. There is nothing to compare with grouse, partridge, and pheasant, unless it is the first celery, oysters, and brussels sprouts. Think of those fearful little jellied quails they give you in the Season proper. Recall too the surfeit of salmon and strawberries. Reflect on the congested state of your mantelpiece with the invitations to dances cluttering up the clock and the photographs. Consider the sticky red hands of débutantes in white frocks, as you dance on an even stickier floor. Ponder for a moment on the same old faces which you have seen night after night since they came back from their West Indies cruises. And then turn to the Little Season. Everyone has been on holiday. Riviera sunburn has altered quite a number quite agreeably. Others have returned from cruises and actually have something interesting to say for themselves. They have been in the Military Museum at Constantinople, or have bathed at Ragusa, or visited the Folies d'Eté in Athens, or seen a bull fight at Barcelona.

We, too, have been away — to Angmering or Scotland, or France, or somewhere. We have returned ready to suffer pretty fools gladly for at least a couple of months, until they become too much for us once again. We have treated ourselves to new silhouettes. We have made new acquaintances. We have eaten strange foods and tasted strange drinks. We have danced to rather odd orchestras, and the idea of a first-class lamb cutlet or fillet steak, not to mention a pint of honest British bitter, fills us with enthusiasm. Yes, there is little doubt about it. It is pleasant to be back in London for the opening of the Little Season. All kinds of things have altered. Ambrose and his band have returned after years of absence to the Embassy, where Andrew is in charge. The May Fair restaurant has new lighting and Harry Roy's band. Jack Harris has left the Café de Paris. The Monseigneur has reopened its doors gayer than ever. Ciro's has an excellent new orchestra, and Ferraro is now in sole charge. The Dorchester has acquired what is probably the best orchestra in London. Pleasantly few charity dances loom on the horizon, and those that are already booked look as though they may be good—the Georgian Ball for example.

That is the joy of the Little Season. Though you wear a white tie you have the atmosphere of the dinner jacket and soft shirt. Originally, I suppose, its alleged object was to prepare the girls who had ended their last term at Ozanne's or some other finishing school in Paris to acquire poise in a practical fashion and to think of some other opening gambit than "Do you like the theatre?" or "Do you hunt much?" Small dinner parties are given for them, but they are not allowed to seize the centre of the stage. Their mothers are not yet anxious about their matrimonial prospects. Indeed, they are likely to frown on any unduly forward interest in individual young men, however eligible. Nothing is heavy and formal. Small dinners followed by the theatre and possibly an hour at some dance club or restaurant are the order of the evening. Conversation is given a chance (though it seldom takes it). Parties, rather than dances, are given.

And that, perhaps, is the heart of my theme. There is such a difference between a party and a dance. And that, really, is the difference between the Little Season and the Season itself. A party is a carefree affair. The hostess deliberately avoids overcrowding her house. Whereas with a dance she does her best to have too many people so that everyone will say what a lot of people she knows, and that no one could afford to stay away. A party is a thing to enjoy. A dance is something you have to be able to say that you went to "and what a fearful crush it was." The people who give good parties, like Mrs. Somerset Maugham, the Maharajah Rajpipla, Madame Florence de Peña, and Mrs. Woolley-Hart, to mention four different types, also give them, thank goodness, in the Season. But at this time of the year they are even better fun. And you know, too, that you do not have to go off next day to St. Margaret's, Westminster, to see a pudding-faced couple get married. Nor, if it comes to that, do you have to go off twice a week and inspect the Brides' Book to see what you have to buy the dratted girl as a wedding present. Engagements are made, of course, in the Little Season. But equally, of course, the girl gets engaged as often as she gets engaged to be married, and so there is no hurry about buying the proper gift. You can wait a bit longer to see whether there is really anything to it.

The Little Season runs from the last week in October to a week before Christmas. There are no important social fixtures, and on the whole this is rather a pity. It has been suggested to me by one or two very distinguished people that if the King sanctioned a Court in, let us say, November, it would be a most excellent thing for London. It would involve the circulation of a great deal of extra money.

Dances would be given for it, and there would be every reason for moving several of the fixtures which clash so badly in the Season to the late autumn. This would make life less hectic in June, and would lure back a lot of people who are liable to stay out of the country in November. The Royal Military Tournament, for example, could so easily be transferred (or so one would have thought) to the autumn. After all, it is an indoor show. At present we have to rely on business exhibitions, or flower shows, to act as magnets. But still, the formality of a Court would destroy much of the Little Season's special charm.

And yet, as I started to say, a great deal of the enjoyment of the Little Season is traceable to its unofficial character. Newmarket is no farther away in October than it was in May or July, and there is all the fun of going to the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. We can always rely on Mr. Cochran to produce two or three first-class new shows.

Primarily, however, the main feature of the Little Season is the dining out, lunching out, and supping out in the clubs and restaurants. With the decline in gaiety in the other capitals of Europe, London with its silk hats and white waistcoats is the centre of fashion.

Yes, the Little Season has already found its feet. We have just had Lord Willoughby de Broke's wedding as an aftermath of last Season. We can look forward to the Royal Northern Ball, which can compare with any dance in the Season, and finally there is the Motor Show, probably the biggest attraction of the whole of the Little Season.

Thank goodness the organizers chose October for it. Even though you may not have the slightest intention of buying anything yourself, you get real pleasure in seeing the sleek, powerful new cars in the charge of beautiful young men all wearing their old school tie.

BACK TO NORMAL

Removing the surplus chairs from Hyde Park

IN the LIMELIGHT

SPORTING TRIO: Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Glanely (doubtless in search of another Colombo) seen in the sale ring at Newmarket last week

LADY FORRES OF GLENOGIL *(right)* arriving with Assistant-Scoutmaster Fairweather for the opening of a Wolf Cubs' festival at Arbroath. *Left above*—THE PRINCE AND THE PRESS: Viscount Castlerosse waiting for the start of his match with the Prince of Wales at St. Andrews

NEW T.U.C. CHAIRMAN: Mr. Andrew Conley of Leeds, who has been unanimously elected for the ensuing year

SIR FREDERICK LEITH ROSS, chief economic adviser to the British Government, who has left for the U.S. to resume war debt discussions

MR. H. HEATHCOTE-WILLIAMS explaining to members of the Property Owners' Protection Association the amendments to the Rent Restrictions Act

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT E. H. FIELDEN who has recently been appointed chief air pilot and Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales. He has piloted H.R.H. for the past four years

JUGOSLAVIAN ROYALTY IN LONDON: Prince and Princess Paul (right) seen with Princess Maria of Greece in the West End. Princess Paul's sister, Princess Elizabeth of Greece, became engaged last week to Count Toerring of Bavaria

A DRAMATIC PROBLEM PLAY AT THE PICCADILLY: A scene from James Bridie's *A Sleeping Clergyman*. The play shows the influence of heredity working out in the daughter, and grandson, of the debauched but brilliant medical student, Cameron the First (Robert Donat), who dies of consumption in his Glasgow lodgings. Harriet Marshall (Dorice Fordred) is the mother of his child

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN": Charles Cameron the Second (also played by Robert Donat), who after a riotous youth reproduces those same qualities of genius inherent in his grandfather and saves the world from an epidemic for which he alone knows the cure. On the right is the ageing Dr. Marshall, brilliantly played by Ernest Thesiger

DORICE FORDRED, as Wilhelmina Cameron, the daughter of Cameron the First, who poisons the man she loves because of his intention of marrying someone else. Her uncle, Dr. Marshall (Ernest Thesiger), covers up her tracks

HENRY HEWITT, as Cardinal Malaspina Cibo, and Catherine Lacey as Ricciarda, in a scene from *Night's Candles* at the Queen's Theatre. The play has been adapted from Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio*

DRAMA OF

Herr Tauber Creates a Controversy o... Taken with Schubert's Music: The Art M... Mr. Barry Jones has a Difficult Task ... in "The Man with ..."

By PL...

Lilac Time at the Aldwych, performed in German by a company which did not contain a single person of British nationality, having been greeted with frenzied and unanimous applause, particularly by the gallery, the curtain had no sooner risen on *Before Sunset* at the Shaftesbury, in which thirty British people are employed and only one German, than some galleryites threw showers of pamphlets inscribed "We want British actors for British plays. Buy British," and made general nuisances of themselves.

That is, I think, sufficient comment on the "patriotic" pose. An unfortunate incident, but one which is likely eventually to be not without its value.

And so to the play. *Before Sunset*, although written by the famous Gerhardt Hauptmann, and a good vehicle for the equally famous Werner Krauss, has its shortcomings. That is probably because it is an early work revised, the two styles dovetailing none too happily. Almost the whole of the first act, a very long act, is dull. It seemed on the first night duller than it actually is, because it followed so exciting a "prelude," and because in those long pauses we were so apprehensive of pandemonium breaking out again that it was difficult to appreciate the true significance of them.

Some probably had no significance at all, or, at least, no more than that of filling the stage with groups of nonentities — town councillors, mayors, and so forth.

This, however, is the Hauptmann early method, intended to establish the impression that Clausen, a wealthy widower of seventy, was a person of weight and dignity, and to establish also the contrast between him and the young schoolmistress of twenty whom he loved, who loved him, and whom he intended to marry.

The grown-up family will have none of this entanglement. "If only father" is the burden of their complaint. "I... only father would not ask this girl t... lunch, if only father would not give he... some of our dead mother's jewellery... if only father, in short, would consen... to be just a father and the purveyor o... comforts instead of a human being... determined to make the most of wha... little is left to him of life, what a happ... family we should be!"

They win. They try to get the ol... man certified as a lunatic (the lega... procedure here is a little vague), and h... obliges them by behaving like one i... his rage and indignation. He dies in a... fit, the young girl kneeling beside hi... to comfort his last moments.

Before Sunset is not, as I have... indicated, a perfect play. It is incline... to be pompous in style and even turgid... and the general production, which wa... on the slow side, emphasized these... failings. But it deals with a difficult... theme with delicacy and full recognition... of its dramatic value. Above all, it... gives Herr Werner Krauss, whom I... venture to call a superbly fine actor, a... opportunity to show his strength in some... carefully built-up moments. That is t... procedure the play forces on him—... stretches of normal conversation follo... by explosions. Only a great artist ca... explode in this way and avoid a slig... touch of the ridiculous. And a gre... artist Herr Krauss is.

He is also a plucky man, for it is n... easy to preserve dignity and also to sh... tragic emotion with supreme convict... when one is combating simultaneous... stink-bombs and an imperfect knowled... of the English tongue.

Miss Peggy Ashcroft's sincerity a... unaffected charm were a valuable ass... to both Herr Krauss and to the play.

"Lilac Time." — This Tau... business has plunged a variety of peop... into discussion—some of it musica... some political, some racial, and all of... highly controversial.

Into the political and racial aspects... the matter it is neither my province n... my inclination to enter; provided h... pleases me as a performer Herr Tau... can be anything from an Eskimo to... bishop-boiling Bolshevist for aught... care. But we must clear our minds... a little cant about this German versi... of *Lilac Time*, now at the Aldwych, a... played and sung in German. So... musical purists have taken violent e... ception to the liberties taken here w... Schubert's music. Yet this version... much nearer to Schubert than is t... familiar English version, against wh... only one protest was raised.

Dame Ethel Smyth is rather annoy... with me because elsewhere I stated t... Tauber is a "good musician." S... does not mention my criticism of... deliberate alteration of cadences... Schubert's songs, his vulgarisation... the last bars of them in an endeavour... give that ripe, juicy, and appealing... the-gallery effect beloved of cert... operatic tenors wallowing in th... Puccini and Verdi.

By "good musician" I meant, a... still mean, that Herr Tauber kn... great deal about music, can conduc... score, play the piano a bit, and has... many respects a musical sense, as d... tinct from some famous tenors who a... unmusical dolts to whom God, mo... in a mysterious way, has given exc... tional vocal chords.

To be an accomplished musician h... to have an instinct for good taste... music is not the same thing. Je... Tauber may justify his loud and sen... tional first entrance, his habit of dom... ating the stage throughout, and ...

THE WEEK

...e Rendering of "Lilac Time"—Liberties ...aking a Stage Cad Endurable—...Women Kind": Mr. Clarke-Smith Excels ...oad of Mischief" Revival

...IP PAGE

behaving generally in a way wholly dissonant with the character of the real Schubert by saying that theatrical exigencies demand such a method. Here I will, up to a point, agree with him; *Lilac Time* is a play and not a *lieder* recital, and the Aldwych is a theatre and not a concert-hall.

But I cannot swallow the twisting of Schubert's actual music. If musical-comedies are to be founded on the music of the great composers, that music must be performed as it was written.

With that, and a good word for Herr Tauber's glorious voice, for a clever supporting company, and for Mr. Ernest Irving's really brilliant handling of a first-rate small orchestra, I will leave this very Teutonic *Lilac Time*.

"Women Kind." — It takes an act[illegible] of exceptional experience and person[illegible] allure to make a stage-cad endur[illegible]. The late Sir Charles Hawtrey could do it. Mr. Seymour Hicks can do [illegible]. So can Mr. Ronald Squire. Mr. Barry Jones, though his comedy method is smooth, easy, and capable, has n[illegible]t that facility.

Th[illegible] will probably one day acqu[illegible] I wish him a less difficult play in w[illegible] to acquire it than *Women Kin[illegible]* [illegible]h he is now presenting at the [illegible]. For his Lawrence Brooke is really [illegible] impossible type of bounder, and a sm[illegible]one at that. That in a short sp[illegible] he s[illegible]ould have had in his bachelor flat "affairs" with 142 different women is rath[illegible] gusting as a first-act theme. If in this philandering he did not go the whole [illegible], his hoggishness is still unredee[illegible], for he was at pains to give the i[illegible]sion that he had. He even kept a [illegible]rt of stud book—weights, ages, habits, etc.—which he read out to a friend. Poor Mr. Jones! What a task to "charm" that off!

The friend, posing rather heavily as the virtuous husband with an understood and understanding wife, is therefore marked out for transformation into the cuckold. But his wife, a blatant and overwhelming blonde, is so obstreperously amorous and, withal, such a bore that our philanderer retreats. He pairs off with her niece, a pert and impertinent little baggage who is half his age, has double his complacency, and is obsessed with the notion that rudeness and wit are the same thing.

Miss Kay Hammond played this part for all it is worth, which is not much. I find that pouting drawl of hers rather monotonous; but she scores laughs with it and is on the way to creating for herself Kay Hammond parts, which means engagements in plenty.

To welcome another American leading lady no longer has any semblance of novelty; indeed, to find a leading lady in a London theatre who is English will before long provide an unaccustomed thrill. Miss Lily Cahill, who played the wife, hardly suggested indispensability. Her task was admittedly difficult, but she did not tackle it, I think, in the right way.

"The Man with the Load of Mischief."—This elegant—*c'est le mot juste*—literary play by Mr. Ashley Dukes was well worth reviving. The company at the Westminster differs completely from that at the Haymarket some years ago. I will make but one venture into comparison: Miss Fay Compton was missed.

Miss Valerie Taylor had some good moments as the girl whom the ignoble nobleman insulted so grossly and who found consolation with his valet. But she was too tense until the last act, when she was not tense enough and seemed to lose grip altogether.

Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith is one of the lamentably few actors of the modern school who can "take the stage," can wear costumes of the long ago as they should be worn, and can look and talk as we may suppose noblemen did look and talk in that cynically insincere age when a peer meant something even if he did wear his Garter ribbon when out shooting. Mr. Ion Swinley was equally admirable.

The attraction of this play, in addition to the fine quality of its writing, is the curious reality of it all, despite the artificial flavour of any comedy of manners. It is an old-world comedy. Which is something vastly different from an olde-worlde comedy.

"Disharmony."—The present policy at the Fortune Theatre of producing plays for one week and then transferring them elsewhere if they are successful has so far been justified. *What Happened Then* went to the Kingsway. *Disharmony*, which followed it at the Fortune, I found to be a skilled treatment of a hackneyed theme with much good acting.

The story is of a worthless blonde wife, a nit-wit except for some monkey-cunning, who lends to her lover for pawning purposes the £50,000 necklace given her by her husband. The husband is told that it has been stolen, and, putting detectives on the track, discovers the truth. The wife lies and lies and lies, and then turns on her lover and lies about him. She deserved her semi-strangling.

Not for a moment could we feel that Miss Beatrix Thomson was not lying. Perhaps we were not meant to feel anything else, except contempt for her. Miss Thomson gave a first-rate "nervy" performance, Mr. Douglas Burbidge and Mr. Kim Peacock were the husband and the lover, and Mr. Ben Welden added comic relief of an original kind.

MR. COCHRAN'S LATEST: An amusing scene from the new production, *Nymph Errant*. Evangeline (Gertrude Lawrence) receives a new arrival at the Turkish harem in the person of Haidee Robinson, a lady of colour from America (Elisabeth Welch), introduced by Ali, the chief eunuch (Bruce Winston)

TROUBLE BREWING: Evangeline (Gertrude Lawrence) realizes that her former French schoolfellow Madeline (Iris Ashley) is displacing her in the affections of André (Austin Trevor)

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE: André de Croissant (Austin Trevor), a French impresario, travels from Paris in the same compartment as Evangeline, who is returning home from school at Lausanne. They are not long in getting acquainted

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

JOHN HAMPDEN: The remarkable character who forms the subject of new biographies by Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson

THE EARL OF MARLBOROUGH whom Mr. Winston Churchill defends in the first volume of his new biography published by Harrap

Two Outstanding John Hampden Biographies: Mr. Winston Churchill Once Again Proves His Ability as an Historian: "King Richard III"—Good Reading but Untrustworthy Biography

It would be an excellent thing if authors could devise some kind of a clearing house for ideas. It is exasperating to spend months or years over a book and then discover that a fellow scribe has been treading a parallel track. For years John Hampden as a subject for biography has been neglected, and now there appear two studies of equal length and scope. One is **John Hampden,** by **Hugh Ross Williamson (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.),** and the other **John Hampden's England,** by **John Drinkwater (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.).** They are both most readable and informative. Where Mr. Williamson neglects to dot his i's Mr. Drinkwater does so, and where Mr. Drinkwater omits a detail we want, Mr. Williamson gives it. I cannot think why Mr. Drinkwater should call his book *John Hampden's England* as it is entirely concerned with Hampden; also I think he is quite in error in dividing the combatants in the Civil War into Royalists and Puritans. Thousands of men who did not hold Puritan views were in Cromwell's ranks, and the term is somewhat misleading. It is interesting to compare the same incident in the hands of two writers. When Charles approached the House to arrest the five members "the House ordered the five members to retire, which, with many protests, they did through a back door," says Mr. Drinkwater, dismissing them. Says Mr. Williamson, "The Commons implored the five members to take refuge in the City as the only means not only of ensuring their own safety but of averting bloodshed in the House. And so by the time that Charles was at the door of St. Stephen's, through which, by the first and fundamental privilege of the Commons, no English monarch ever stepped, Hampden, Pym, Hesilrige, Hollis, and Strode were being rowed down the Thames to the security of the City."

Mr. Drinkwater, or his authorities, wobbles on the spelling of the name of one of the five members. Sir Arthur Hesilrige is correct. He was member for Leicester in 1640, succeeding an ancestor of mine, Sir Richard Roberts, as sheriff of the county. They were neighbours, but one held Newcastle for the Parliament, the other rode with Charles to the raising of the standard at Nottingham. Thus were friends and families divided. Both authors are to be congratulated on the general plan of their books. Mr. Williamson tells a straightforward story and shows no bias. Mr. Drinkwater has a keen eye for the English scene and an affection for the man. There are moments when I prefer his Hampden and moments when I prefer Mr. Williamson's, and the honours seem so evenly divided that the only way out is for the reader to read both books.

If the great Marlborough had but known, not least among the gifts of Fate was that he should have a descendant, one Winston Churchill, to write his Life. For **Mr. Churchill** has done a little whitewashing in the first volume of **Marlborough, His Life and Times (Harrap. 25s.).** By whitewashing I do not mean that he has blotted out the dark stains, but that he has made presentable a somewhat flyblown figure whom the historians have often used as a scamp in the pillory. Gallantly Mr. Churchill has undertaken the defence. Soundly he has boxed Macaulay's ears. When that great man sneeringly observes of the Duke's love for Sarah, "he must have been enamoured indeed," Mr. Churchill writes: "This sentence shows the sphere to which Macaulay relegates love, and the limits within which, from his personal experiences, he supposed it to be confined. It is to him a localized aberration which distorts judgment, and not a sublime passion which expresses and dominates all being."

It soon becomes clear, in reading this engrossing book, that Mr. Churchill has dealt with Marlborough once and for all time. He starts, in the dim past, with an early Winston Churchill, a Royalist, who suffered all for the cause and met with his reward during the Restoration. Young John had almost all the good fairies at his birth—courage, a handsome appearance, a noteworthy pedigree, and luck. The first proof of this last gift seems to have been given when he purchased from Lord Halifax, for £4,500, an annuity of £500 a year for life. He enjoyed it for nearly fifty years, and it was the foundation of his immense fortune. But it is the commander of genius that takes the eye in this book, though Mr. Churchill has not as yet reached those ten years of magnificent victories that crowned his career. We follow him in this first volume through the wars of the Spanish Succession to the Grand Alliance. There was talk of passing over the Princess Anne and of bringing the Elector of Hanover to the throne. Certain dukes were in the plot. "By God, if they ever attempt it we would walk over their bellies!" declared Marlborough, stirred to unusual passion. At this point Mr. Churchill ends his first volume. It is a work that will do nothing to reduce the eminence he has achieved as an historian, secure in his facts and superb in his style.

I cannot commend, from an historical point of view, the method and style of **Mr. Philip Lindsay.** In his **King Richard III (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.)** we have a rhetorical and emotional display in which the poet's fancy rather than the historian's fact has directed the pen. As reading it is good; as biography it is quite untrustworthy. Mr. Lindsay has conceived a Richard of his own, a gallant, handsome, patriotic young king who is neither a hunchback nor a murderer. He insists that he was really one of the great men in history. It is a brave challenge to the verdict of time, but it is backed by no acceptable evidence. Mr. Lindsay becomes a kind of Marshall Hall for the defence. It is all very entertaining, but a cool judge will be unmoved. "The sun was dying in the west and the night was fluttering in smears of yellow and red when Richard came to Leicester," reports Mr. Lindsay like an eye-witness. It is all as lurid as this. Let me not be ungracious. Here is an excellent entertainment such as one might expect from the author of *Here Comes the King*. Like Mr. Lindsay, I have a personal interest in Richard. The battle of Bosworth Field was fought on the estate belonging to my ancestors, and an oral tradition in my family relates how the battle was watched from the roof of Sutton Cheynell Hall. I am less inclined to believe the tradition since attempting to see the battlefield from the roof of the Hall, which cannot be done. Mr. Lindsay might be interested to know that there was a local saying that if ever King Richard camped between five "tons" he would be undone. On the eve of the battle he camped between Stapleton, Dadlington, and three other village "tons." Mr. Lindsay ends on a grand accusation against Henry Tudor, whom he addresses as murderer, usurper, liar. "Against your crimes, your lies, your legal murders, Richard stands lonely and tragic; a great and honest and an heroic Englishman."

I never met **Alfred Sutro,** who has just been taken from us, but everyone who knew him testified to his tabletalk as among the best of the day. His book of reminiscences, **Celebrities and Simple Souls (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.),** is filled with pleasant stories of outstanding personalities, from the early 'nineties down to the present day. His interests being chiefly theatrical and literary, the gallery includes many famous dramatists and actresses; but it is Alfred Sutro, for all his modesty, who really holds the centre of the stage in this book. Naturally there is much of Maeterlinck. Sutro came into intimate contact with the poet, and the early years before fame came to the author of *The Blue Bird* are vividly presented. Sutro was taken to lunch with Hardy and the first Mrs. Hardy. It was at the time of *Jude the Obscure*, which he praised loudly. Mrs. Hardy did not share the enthusiasm. It was the first novel Hardy had published without letting her read the manuscript. She told Sutro that had she read it she would have resisted publication, "it had made a great difference to them in the County." Hardy said nothing, and did not lift his eyes from the plate. Sutro turned to the subject of birds. "Hardy brightened at once, the cloud lifted, and we talked birds and trees till I left." Struggling novelists will be cheered by a story about A. E. W. Mason. He had been an actor. He felt he could write; he saved some money, took a tiny flat in Queen Anne's Mansions, laid in a stock of pens and ink and paper, and sat himself down to write a novel. When it was finished he sent it to a publisher who at once accepted it. There is a spy story on page 259 that makes one's blood run cold at the thought of the men we may be sitting next to at dinner. On closing this book it is a sad thought that one cannot ask for more.

BOOKS TO READ

SCARLET TO M.F.H., by Cecil Aldin (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.). A hunting book with eighty excellent illustrations and text by this famous artist.

DASHENKA, by Karel Capek (Allen and Unwin. 5s.). The life of a puppy, with photos and drawings by the author.

THE DOG, by James Dickie (Hutchinson. 6s.). A dog-lover's guide, with 100 illustrations.

WHERE TEMPESTS BLOW, by Michael Mason (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.). The story of an exploration in the land of Magellan.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A BARONET, by Timothy Eden (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

THE LAND THAT GOD GAVE CAIN, by J. M. Scott (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.). H. G. Watkins' expedition to Labrador.

RIDDLES OF THE GOBI DESERT, by Sven Hedin (Routledge. 18s.). Further investigations of a brilliant explorer.

Putting down **Lost Horizon,** by **James Hilton (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.),** I feel that I have found the answer to a question often asked: Who among the younger novelists is likely to march into the front rank and uphold the tradition of English fiction? I nominate Mr. Hilton, not on the strength of this book alone, but also recalling *Contango*, *And Now Good-bye*, and *Knight Without Armour*. I know of no man writing who has a wider sweep of interests, who can shift his scene across the face of the earth with such assurance and fidelity to truth, and who, conserving a tremendous sense of drama, writes a more lucid and moving prose. *Lost Horizon* is as distinct an achievement as *And Now Good-bye*. In this new novel we are lifted into the realm of the unearthly. An aeroplane with four passengers is kidnapped and flown across an immense barrier to a Tibetan lamasery. Gradually the kidnapped party learns the reason. They have been press-ganged to maintain the numbers and vitality of a small monastic community completely isolated from the world. They learn how Time had been conquered, for the Lama was over 250 years old, and a monk who had been a pupil of Chopin's played some unpublished works of the master. The novel is a *tour de force* of the imagination and Mr. Hilton really succeeds in making the wholly impossible plausibly probable. The mystic exaltation found in the high latitude of that lamasery pervades the pages of this book and holds the reader in a trance of eager delight. Extravagant praise is the vice of the age, yet I would not hesitate to use superlative adjectives in describing this book.

Mr. **Bernard Falk** is assured of a good public for his book of Fleet Street reminiscences, **He Laughed in Fleet Street (Hutchinson. 18s.).** It is packed with good stories; he had a varied and successful career as reporter, writer, and editor, and has met most of the figures in the public eye. The most pleasing fact about these lively recollections is the good humour and tolerance he displays towards all sorts and conditions of men. It is difficult for any man to live in Fleet Street and not emerge a cynic. Mr. Falk has emerged, not to sneer but to laugh, perhaps because he has been wise enough to walk out of it at fifty. The one lesson of these pages is that courage counts. He lost his savings at twenty-seven in an unlucky newspaper venture, and came out of that experience smiling. There are tragedies in this book, "Seamark," Marjoribanks, and Eric Ince. All who knew this last seem to agree that the Birkenhead *de nos jours* vanished at an untimely age. Among many good things in this book I like Northcliffe's reason for declining publicity—"I am like the small boy at a Sunday treat who, asked if he would like some jam, replied, 'No, ma'am, I works where it is made.'" Mr. Falk spreads the jam thick, and gives us a feast.

(Continued on p. 34)

On page 34 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

REBUILDING CHAILEY WINDMILL

and on right—A SUSSEX LANDMARK: Workmen adjusting the new sails of Chailey windmill, which has recently undergone a complete overhaul

WEST BLATCHINGTON'S PICTURESQUE WINDMILL: Another famous Sussex landmark which dominates the countryside, from the roof of a farm building

ABBESS RODING, NEAR CHELMSFORD: The last mill to have been built in Essex. It was completed in 1877 and replaced the post mill blown down in that year. Up to 1931 it was in full working order

HOGG MILL, WINCHELSEA: One of the few remaining post mills with a fan-tail on the roof. It is supposed to have once stood on Pett Hill and to have been removed to its present site about a century ago

VERULAMIUM'S STRANGE TRIANGULAR TEMPLE

ROMAN BRITAIN BROUGHT TO LIGHT: A general view of the foundations of the triangular temple at Verulamium

FOUNDATIONS OF THE TEMPLE WALL: The holes on the left mark the positions of the beams employed by the Romans to prevent damage to the exterior of the building

REMAINS OF AN OX SKULL discovered near the high altar and believed to have survived from the initial dedication sacrifice in the Temple

ROMAN POTTERY discovered on the site of the Temple excavations and typical of many finds made in the vicinity during the past few months

THE BASE OF A GREAT STATUE discovered in the cross-hall behind the altar. The podium was at least 17 ft. square and was probably framed with marble blocks

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS assisting in digging operations on the site of three houses recently uncovered at Verulamium. The excavations in which the various finds have been made this season will remain open to visitors on week-days and Sundays until the end of October

The Find of the Season at St. Albans

The excavations at St. Albans during the past season have been particularly productive, and Dr. and Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler, who have added considerably of recent years to our knowledge of Roman Britain, must be congratulated on some finds of the very first importance. The work, which has been carried out under the auspices of the Verulamium Excavation Committee, has resulted in the unearthing of the foundations of a remarkable triangular Roman temple. This in many ways bears a resemblance to the oft-pictured "Flat-Iron" building in New York, and not unnaturally owes its origin to much the same causes as its American counterpart. For just as Broadway strikes across the rectangular planning of New York, Watling Street, in Roman days, similarly marred the symmetry of Verulamium.

It was at one of the irregular junctions so created that the Roman builders, undeterred by the restricted space at their disposal, planned and erected their temple on such unorthodox lines. Like most other monuments of the period it has been sadly robbed during the intervening centuries, and much of the stonework was probably appropriated by enterprising but vandalistic builders.

In spite of this, enough material remains for the excavators to visualize and plan with satisfactory accuracy the temple's former imposing appearance. The two sides of the enclosure were each exactly 100 ft. long, while a rear wall of 82 ft. ran parallel with one of the main streets, and completed the temple triangle. Within this space, 7 ft. wide corridors surrounded the central courtyard, which in turn contained a large high altar. Only portions of the base of this now remain, but it seems evident that in Roman days it was used for sacrifices.

This view was given credence by the discovery, in a brick-lined cavity in the floor, of an ox's skull, while within a few yards a number of ritual vessels and the bones of birds, mixed with wood-ash, were also unearthed.

The exterior of the temple, which was covered in red plaster, was surrounded in Roman days by stout beams. It is believed that these were employed as a protection against the traffic.

The temple is clearly a discovery of more than ordinary importance, and there is no doubt that its structural remains will eventually add to our knowledge of a period which is still absorbing, because it has yet to reveal to the archæologist many of its most vital and thrilling secrets.

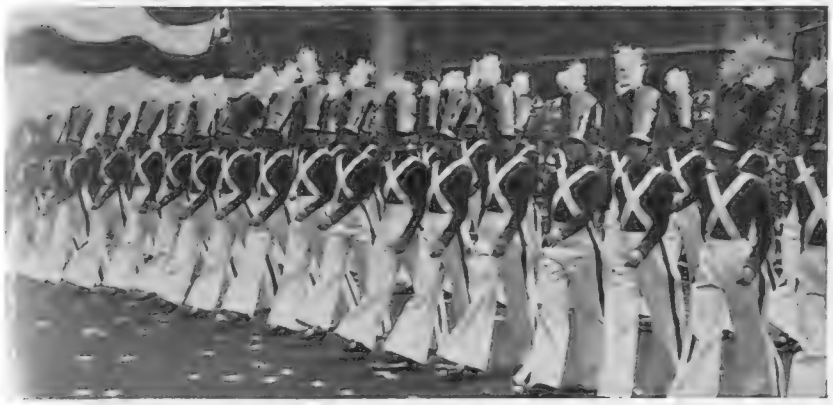
ONE MONTH of HISTORY

A Survey of Current Events During September, 1933

September left the world in doubt. It was a month of question marks, the start of a season of mists. Would Europe disarm, or prepare against another war? Would Dollfuss stem the rising Nazi tide in Austria, or would a re-arming Germany absorb Austria? And what of America's Recovery Code, now in danger from many sides?

Only Britain among the Powers seemed internally free from major doubts. She showed nothing more bellicose than army exercises on the Plain, R.A.F. v. Navy off the Scottish coast, and the publication of a blood-curdling but doctrinaire plan from Sir Stafford Cripps (representing the Labour Party's left wing) whereby the next Labour Government was immediately to abolish the House of Lords and pass an Emergency Powers Act giving authority to dictate drastic measures for the control of banking, trade, and industry, for the consequent removal of capitalism, and, naturally and quite easily, for the abolition of poverty and unemployment.

IMPERIAL INCIDENT.—Echoes of Victorian "little wars" around the Empire came down the years when bugles sounded at Simons Town, and



NEW YORK ASSISTS THE N.R.A.: Chorus girls, marching with the precision of West Point Cadets, taking part in the great parade which the city organized on behalf of General Johnson's National Recovery scheme

IN FIFTH AVENUE: Another view showing some of the fashionably dressed marchers following in the wake of the N.R.A. parade

200 marines and sailors, with three howitzers, entrained under Vice-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans ("Evans of the *Broke*"), Commander-in-Chief of the African naval station and Acting High Commissioner, to uphold the white man's prestige in Bechuanaland.

Admiral Evans, guarded by the marines and wearing full uniform, dispensed justice from his awning under a fig tree before 15,000 natives at Serowe. For flouting the British Administration—flogging a white man over whom he had no jurisdiction—Tshekedi, acting Chief of the Bamangwato, was deposed and banished. Phineas McIntosh, the flogged white man who had "gone native" and admitted misconduct, was banished from all native territories.

Iron hand was then diplomatically withdrawn from velvet glove. Tshekedi, whose Presbyterian fellow-religionists had firmly championed him, was reinstated by the Colonial Office as chieftain after he had apologized, sworn loyalty to the King, and relinquished the claim to judge white men in his territory. The dispute ended in a tea-party to Tshekedi, given by Admiral Evans on board his flagship.

THE "BLUE EAGLE" STOPS SOARING.—First enthusiasms waned over President Roosevelt's "Blue Eagle" National Recovery Act. America's Labour Day (September 4) ended the first phase of his N.R.A. plans. Re-employment of 6,000,000 men had been predicted for the six months then ending. General Johnson, N.R.A. chief, gave 2,000,000 as the figure reached, leaving over 10,000,000 Americans without work. There were strikes in the coal, iron, and motor industries.

Mr. Henry Ford, continuing to defy General Johnson, refused to sign the national "code" for the motor industry, but raised his firm's wages in excess of the code's minimum, and took on new hands, including 5,000 war veterans. "No more Ford cars will be bought for official purposes," said General Johnson. When strikes for union recognition were threatened by Ford workers, Mr. Ford gave counter threats to shut down his factories.

The President's worst obstacle was the expansion of credit, without which no scheme for increased wages, lower hours, and higher prices could succeed. Banks were urged to extend easy credits to industry under veiled threats of Government coercion, but replied that this easy lending of depositors' money was just what they had been blamed for in the years of bank crashes.

Agriculturalists, faced by higher prices and an appreciable lag in the increase for their own produce, agitated for inflation. President Roosevelt retired with a cold, refused to see a deputation of cotton inflationists, lay low, said nothing. Moneyed classes, fearing some form of inflation, rushed to buy pounds, gold, foreign shares in a further flight from the dollar. On September 19 the pound all but touched par in terms of the dollar, and gold reached a new high level.

In these tangled circumstances Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Chief Financial Adviser to the Treasury, sailed for New York to discuss a final settlement of the British War Debt to U.S. It was freely predicted that accommodation would be linked with a currency alliance between the pound and the dollar.

WHO BURNED THE REICHSTAG?—The dramatic event of the month was the opening of the trial, before the German High Court at Leipzig, of a Dutchman, a German Communist leader, and three Bulgarian Communists, all charged in connection with the mysterious burning of the Reichstag which preceded the elections upon which Herr Hitler's Nazis rode into complete control of Germany.

As in the earlier Moscow trial of British engineers, political motives were interwoven with the legal process, hysteria and prejudice obscured the issues, and a nation's judicial procedure paraded itself defiantly before the world. Microphones, searchlights, and armed soldiers promoted a theatrical atmosphere.

Anxious internationalists, believing impartial justice to be impossible in Nazi Germany, convened in advance an "unofficial" court of inquiry. Famous lawyers from seven countries sat in London, the court-room of the Law Society being loaned for the "trial." They heard unnamed witnesses behind closed-doors, watched a news-reel of the fire, and "found" for the accused in a melodramatic atmosphere of hush-hush.

This inquiry had a bad Press in England—in the inevitable absence of the prosecution it could hardly avoid bias and the aspect of propaganda.

In the court-room at Leipzig Marinus van der Lubbe, twenty-four-year-old Dutchman, the only one of the five accused of arson, was an enigma. Manacled and emaciated, he sat huddled beneath the red-robed judges, and kept his eyes on the ground, while gaping with wide-open mouth. He seemed to take little interest in the trial, and even not to understand it.

Once he broke his silence with a laugh. "What are you laughing at?" said the judge sternly. "At the trial," said the prisoner, and resumed his hangdog attitude. His occasional answers were often inaudible. He said "Yes" and "No" to the same questions.

He confessed, with a faint "Yes," to firing the Reichstag, but remained in a semi-stupor while his statement to the police was read out. The presiding judge made him stand up in chains while saying "Yes" to confirm this police confession. The latter left many gaps, and was not a coherent reconstruction.

Was he a half-wit, a degenerate, or an actor? Police evidence was brought to show that he had been alert, arrogant, and comparatively voluble during his preliminary investigations. One witness described him as a "mathematical genius."

Georgi Dimitrov, eldest of the three Bulgarians accused, a handsome, thick-set figure with black curly hair and flashing eyes, gloried in being a Communist and announced his creed with passionate conviction. "I am a revolutionary, but not an adventurer," he said, denying all knowledge of incendiarism. He argued with the judge, refused to be browbeaten. The judge grew angry, banged his fist on the table, lost his dignity in red rage. "You are altogether too impertinent, Dimitrov," he shouted. "I won't have it." Police dragged the Bulgarian back to his seat.

Herr Torgler, former leader of the Communist party in the German Reichstag, vehemently declared his innocence of complicity. "My counsel says he is defending me, not the Communist party. I am here as an advocate for my party, to fight for it with all my strength before the world."

AUSTRIA TURNS TO FASCISM.—Two moves were made to stem the flow of Nazi Germanism across the Austrian border. Britain, France, and Italy gave their consent, in modification of the Treaty of St. Germain, for Austria to raise a special short-service "protective" force of 10,000. And Chancellor Dollfuss, by shedding his Vice-Chancellor and other democratic ministers, obtained full support from the Fascist Heimwehr in forming a non-party, non-political Government after the Mussolini model. Dr. Dollfuss, again in the Mussolini manner, took upon himself five ministerial portfolios.

THE MAN WHO DECLARED WAR.—Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary whose duty it was to send Britain's ultimatum to Germany in 1914, died on September 7, aged seventy-one. Germans in the war years reviled and caricatured him as a gaunt bird of prey, the Man Who Made the War. Yet in England he was criticized for vacillation in not stating Britain's attitude towards Belgium and the Entente more firmly.

Obituary notices in German papers still referred to him as "Sir Edward Grey, the name to which the German people linked its whole justified hatred of England in 1914." One paper conceded that "he was neither as black as the devil, nor as white as an angel, but just Grey." In Britain he was mourned as an honourable statesman, a man to trust, a great gentleman.

A KING PASSES.—King Feisal of Iraq died suddenly at Berne, where he had gone to complete a cure and be near Geneva for the presentation of Iraq's case in the League's consideration of the recent Assyrian massacre. Hardening of the arteries was officially given as the cause of death. Fantastic rumours hinting at "mysterious happenings" were published and promptly discredited. The body of the King, who had welded together a troubled country and made it a full member of the League of Nations, was taken to Haifa in a British cruiser, and thence by air to Baghdad.

He was succeeded by his twenty-one-year-old son, Ghazi, educated at Harrow. A fortnight after the accession, King Ghazi's betrothal to his cousin, Princess Aliyah (daughter of ex-King Ali of the Hedjaz, Feisal's brother, who had been favoured as Regent by intriguing factions), was announced.

A. B.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUTUMN MODE IN ALL ITS PHASES

Of lustrous black snake-skin satin, the exquisite frock on the left comes from Corot, of 33, Old Bond Street, W., and is a veritable triumph. Cut entirely on the cross, so that it moulds the figure without any suggestion of tightness, it has a high cowl neck and shows the most charming of the many back treatments of this season. The covered shoulder and the luxurious black fur which encircles the arms give the necessary breadth to the upper part of the figure in a manner that is extremely flattering

Shown below is the half-length coat of heavy white Ottoman silk which complements the dress above. It has a cravat collar, the frills across the shoulder revealing the fur with which the dress is trimmed. The price of the complete ensemble is eight and a half guineas, and attention must be drawn to Corot's system of extended credit, of which full particulars, together with a wonderfully produced catalogue, will be sent on request

Gold and silver tissues are used extensively this autumn as accessories to afternoon frocks of subtle simplicity. This heavy black crêpe dress from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W., has a scarf of gold tissue at the neck and swathed bands at the wrists. It has no belt, but the slenderness of the waist is emphasized by the arrangement of the stripes in gold-coloured stitching. The price is ten and a half guineas in the Model Gown Department, where copies of models are available from seven and a half guineas

cally good fur coat is not so much a luxury as an invest-t. Mink and dyed ermine are first favourites this year, there is a distinct feeling for ties of Russian sable which, Debenham and Freebody's of Wigmore Street, W., may be tained from twenty-five guineas. The sac coat of Russian nk shown above is very light in weight and is beautifully ped. The squared shoulders and the tailored collar and vers proclaim the recent date of its creation, and the working f the skins, which from a point in the centre of the back of neck radiate to the hem, induces an illusion of height and grace

Cherry-coloured petersham ribbons give a festive air to the hat on the right above, which is a Marthe model from Debenham and Freebody. A stitched inset accents the skilful arrangement of the crown, which shows clearly the forward sweep of the moment. There is a marked tendency in favour of one-sided effects. Both brimmed and brimless models slant across the brow and rest over one eye, while trimmings are mainly confined to the back or the side-back where they carry the eye upwards and emphasize the general height

On the right is a suit which would prove a friend indeed during the coming months. Of grey novelty knitted fabric, the wrap skirt, which is buttoned on the hip, is worn with a short-sleeved jumper with a tuck over the shoulder, a square neck, and a tomato-coloured belt. The matching jacket has similar tucks which continue the line of the shoulder yoke and is completed by a tomato-coloured scarf in net wool. A quill of the same shade is thrust through the cleverly tucked crown of the hat, and the complete ensemble costs eleven guineas at Robinson and Cleaver of Regent Street, W.

PREPARING FOR CIVIL LIFE: From official reckonings motoring appears to be the most popular calling with retired Navy men. Above is the car used for tuition at the School of Motoring at the R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth

AN IRON ROAD: At Islington, near the Agricultural Hall, an iron surface road is being laid consisting of triangular slabs fitted with deep studs. The road qualities which such a stern material develops will be awaited with interest

AN ANNUAL CLIMB: Mr. E. J. Moor in his Wasp III rounding the first bend of the Open Hill Climb held at Shelsley Walsh last Saturday. A record time of 41⅕ sec. was set up by Mr. Whitney Straight in a Maserati

MOVING TRAIN TRUCKS BY ROAD: A giant wheel-skate which enables goods trucks to be trailed by road to the warehouses. A German State Railways innovation

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

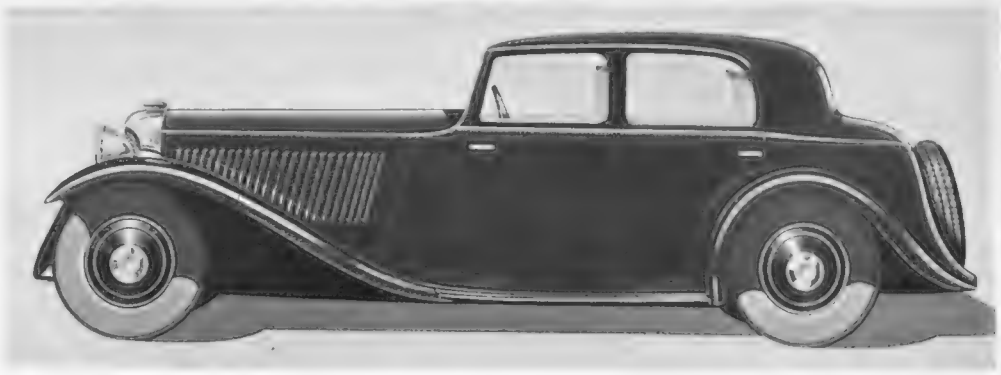
New Models for the Coming Year—Ducal Displeasure—Valueless Signposts—A Hampshire Puzzle—The Next B.A.R.C. Meeting

New models are now being announced at a speed which almost takes one's breath away. Easy gear-change devices are still being adopted on practically every 1934 car, so that when we hear a crash of gears coming from a car on the road in 1934 we shall be able to say without looking up, "There goes an old model." The first make I shall deal with is the Sunbeam. Here there is something really new and of genuine interest to all present and future motor owners. For the first time for many years there is listed a 4-cylinder Sunbeam, and this is of moderate size and price. This new car will be known as the Sunbeam Dawn, and certain of its characteristics deserve special notice. Perhaps the most unorthodox feature in the chassis specification is independent front suspension. I feel certain that this move on the part of such a well-known firm will have a very big effect on motor car design in general. Theoretically, independent wheel suspension is the ideal, but there have been so many practical difficulties to overcome that most manufacturers have refused to touch it. Knowing the reputation of Sunbeams, it may be taken for granted that this design is 100 per cent. reliable as made by this famous firm or it would not be incorporated. The next point of interest is a four-speed pre-selector gear-box of the well-known Wilson design. The size of the engine is just over 1½ litres, and the annual tax is £13. In addition to this car there are the Twenty, Twenty-five, and Speed Model Sunbeams. All these cars, with the exception of the Speed Model, have never yet been seen at Olympia.

improvements other than those mentioned have been adopted.

The new Riley range consists of three main types, a 9-h.p. 4-cylinder and a 12- and 14-h.p. 6-cylinder, the latter model being available with both short and long chassis. The most interesting feature of the Riley specification is the automatic clutch fitted to certain models. This clutch is controlled by centrifugal force, and with it the drive is not taken up by the clutch until a certain engine speed of approximately 500 r.p.m. is attained. When on the road the driver finds that by letting back the accelerator pedal and momentarily depressing the clutch a free-wheel action is obtained. In the 9-h.p. model the engine is mounted in a new flexible manner which prevents vibration being transmitted to the occupants of the car. The general appearance of the new Rileys has been greatly improved, whilst detailed improvements include easy-jacking system, triple-charge dynamo, better silencing, and more easily detachable wire wheels.

The Ford Motor Company have a happy knack of thinking out demonstrations which really impress. Their latest has been undertaken with the object of demonstrating to the public the reliability of their now famous 8-h.p. car. Briefly, various agents started off from various points and finished at a definite time. The cars carried lettering which enabled the public to spot them immediately, so that in actual fact they were under observation all the time. They were not permitted to



ELEGANCE AND SPEED: A "Hooper" Bentley Sports Saloon with an exceptionally light yet sturdy body designed to give full play for the outstanding performance demanded of it

The Humber programme for 1934 includes many interesting improvements. First of all there is a clutchless gear change on all models, and a device called a "sway eliminator" is fitted on Pullman models. On the whole no sweeping changes have been made, and the programme still consists of the Twelve, the 16–60, Snipe-Eighty, and Pullman models. The Twelve, which was introduced quite recently, has proved a good seller, and now that a free-wheel is included in its transmission system so that gears can be changed without touching the clutch, its sales should be even more remarkable. The general appearance of the three other models has been altered so as to give an added amount of dignity. A sloping cruiser radiator with a lengthened bonnet assists to this end. The general lines of the bodies, too, have been brought right up to date so that there is more than a modern atmosphere about them. On the three bigger models a synchro-mesh gear-box is fitted in addition to the free-wheel, so that should the latter be locked a change from third to top or from top to third can still be made silently. I would also like to mention that the new Humber gear-box is designed and constructed so that it is silent on all gears. Owner-drivers will be particularly pleased to learn that these cars are all fitted with a built-in jacking system, so that by turning a handle on the running board on either side of the car that side can be raised off the ground. There are several other new features which help to make the new Humbers even better than the old.

Two entirely new models are announced in the latest Hillman programme. These are known as the 20–70 and the 16-h.p. A synchro-mesh four-speed gear-box is fitted to the engine as a unit, and easy gear changes are further assisted by a free-wheel. The chassis frame is extremely rigid and has been designed to give a very low centre of gravity. Electrical equipment is by Lucas, and Startix optional automatic engine starting is incorporated. A very wide range of bodywork is available, and a novel feature in every saloon model turned out is the provision of a wireless aerial in the roof. The 1934 Minx boasts of a free-wheel in its transmission. The front axle design has been improved so as to benefit the steering and to permit over-sized tyres being used without any disadvantages. Prices remain unaltered and many small

stop their engines for seventy-two consecutive hours, and as the 187 cars of the 8-h.p. Fords, and a team of six of the 14.9-h.p. models covered 327,146 miles the demonstration was really impressive. The only involuntary stoppages were due to a skid and another one to a seized piston.

I have recently carried out a journey of 500 miles during a week-end up to Manchester and Chester. My business took me through several towns, many of which I had not visited for quite a number of years. In practically every one there was evidence that the electric tram is rapidly losing popularity and is being replaced by bus or trolley-bus. I cannot think of any town which I passed through and where trams were in operation that did not possess streets where the old tramlines had either been removed or had been filled in. For many years THE SPHERE in these notes has been stating that the doom of the tram was sealed, and that the authorities concerned should stir themselves and expedite its demise. Now that the L.C.C. trams only form part of a unified transport system in London I think we may look forward to their gradual disappearance. Whilst they remained under the control of the County Council it was probably too much to expect their being scrapped.

The Duke of Devonshire has apparently seen fit to make extraordinary remarks concerning motor cars and motorists. It is surprising that in these days anyone can be found to ventilate their views which are obviously completely out of accord with modern times. The main fault I have to find with His Grace is that he considers that no one who drives a motor car can act as a gentleman on the road. If he has gained this impression from people he knows who own cars it does not say much for his friends and acquaintances. Further, it is news to me that everyone who sat behind a horse or on it displayed the acme of gentlemanly behaviour, and that no cads existed in those days. We are all delighted to hear that the Duke travels about London in a hansom cab, but I am sorry that they are obviously so unreliable, as I frequently see three or more in the West-End between 11 p.m. and midnight. As I cannot imagine anyone else desiring this type of transport in preference to a taxi I assume that the whole fleet is at the disposal of His Grace of Devonshire.

(Continued on p. 36)

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Books (Continued from p. 26)

Miss Susan Ertz in The Proselyte (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) has turned her keen mind upon the Mormon foundation of Brigham Young. The pilgrimage across the American desert, the hardships, the fanaticism of those early settlers remind one of the story of *The Covered Wagon*. In the persons of Zillah and Joseph, Miss Ertz makes the whole tragedy vivid and touches it with a beautiful light. When I am not overcome by the documentation this book displays I am distressed by the horrors that fall in swift succession upon poor Zillah. It is a moving creation and Miss Ertz accomplishes her task very creditably, but I was a little too weighed down at the end and appalled by the prospect of Zillah's return to Zion and the crazy Elders.

The Autobiography of Sir John Martin-Harvey (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.) is a long book covering forty years of stage life. His struggles, the Irving tradition, Canadian and foreign tours—all these phases of a distinguished career are presented in detail. The whole story justifies Sir Martin's grateful conclusion: "I have been given everything a man can desire." I feel inclined to add, remembering him in *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* and *Hamlet*, "and merit." With these few words let me commend a long, delightful book full of human sympathy and kindness. Does Sir Martin, I wonder, recall a long time ago offering a prize of 3 guineas for the best criticism of his *Hamlet?* A boy of fifteen won it. It was the first fruits of a pen that writes these words of salute to a great actor.

The Earl of Cardigan writes so enticingly in **Amateur Pilot (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)** that I am tempted to go out and buy an aeroplane. Here is the nervous man's complete guide to danger, as he imagines, but which, on approach, proves to be simple enjoyment without undue risk. Lord Cardigan is a convert to the air. In this book he fulfills a missionary task, and he will make many converts with this simple description in non-technical language of the aeroplane, its breed, its mechanism, and the really easy art of flying it.

Japan's Increasing Navy

(Continued from p. 10)

But it is fully realized that the Navy Department will need all of it to get the money, the first new programme to be suggested amounting to £55,000,000 in answer to the Americans' £51,000,000 plan. It must be remembered that shipbuilding is still considerably cheaper in Japan than it is in the United States.

The first step is the speeding up of the "Replacement Programme, 1931-1936," under which no fewer than forty vessels are now on the stocks. The most important are the four coast defence cruisers of the *Magami* class, 33-knot ships with a displacement of 8,500 tons each, excellent armour, and a battery of no fewer than fifteen of their new 5·1-in. semi-automatic guns capable of firing ten aimed rounds per minute. These ships are capable of delivering a perfect hail of shell which naval officers regard as being overwhelming to the unprotected sides of the 10,000-ton Washington "tin-clad" cruisers with eight or nine slow-firing 8-in. guns. There would be a risk for the smaller Japanese ships, naturally, for it would be necessary for them to close the range, but their superior armour would minimize this.

Great attention is also paid to the aerial side. There is no doubt that the nation was very bitterly disappointed at the result of their aerial operations against China in the Shanghai area, but the Japanese have always been very quick to profit by their mistakes, and in this branch they have made immense strides in a very short time.

In addition to this Replacement Programme there are the new naval estimates, which are nearly 30 per cent. higher than the previous record logged in 1921 before the Washington Agreement, when Japan was building giant battleships in competition with the Americans. These measures will bring the Japanese Navy right up to Treaty limits, and counting units it will make her superior in many types of ships to the navies who are entitled to a bigger tonnage.

The displacement limits laid down by the Treaty of Washington apply equally to Britain, the United States, and Japan, but the last-named can get very much more into every 1,000 tons displacement than her rivals. The small stature of her men makes a surprising difference when the ship's company runs up to 1,000 and more, and these men are quite content with a far lower standard of comfort than the British or American. Also, it must be remembered, the greater part of the Japanese fleet is designed to serve only in a comparatively small area of the Pacific round their own islands, whereas British ships have to be prepared to serve anywhere in the world, and the Americans must consider their two long and widely separated coastlines.

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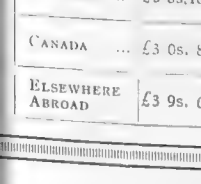

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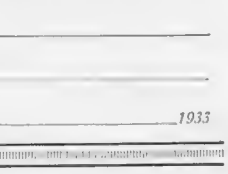

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THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 32)

Surely it is time that the Ministry of Transport did something to improve the sign-posting of the country. They are supposed to have various schemes on foot—not all of them are likely to be considered improvements, but they don't seem to proceed very quickly. Bad as sign-posts on our main roads undoubtedly are, those seen on the byways are really worse than useless. When I was on this week-end tour on two occasions I desired to take a short cut which could not be done by following the main road. On both occasions I found myself completely lost and the sign-posts, where these did exist, were completely valueless. When motor cars become even more numerous a greater number of people will leave the more congested routes and seek room in the lanes and byways. At the present moment most of the wanderers from the beaten track will get lost very quickly, and will find great difficulty in getting back even to their starting point. Motorists are not given many days of grace in which to pay their licences and we have, therefore, the right to expect that a certain amount of speed should be shown by the authorities when tackling this and kindred subjects which are for the benefit of motoring in this country.

I have not myself travelled recently on the main Farnham-Winchester Road, but apparently about 5 miles from Winchester, at a spot known as Lady Croft Hill, two large reflecting signs bearing the words, "Caution Road Channels," have been erected. The R.A.C. tell me that these signs have puzzled road users, and personally I am not surprised. The county surveyor of Hampshire has been interviewed and has given the explanation. Apparently the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries are carrying out certain experiments which necessitate running three cast-iron water gullies across the road. The County Council have insured against the risk of accidents arising out of this experiment, and it is one of the conditions of the policy that notices should be erected to warn motorists that the gullies or channels actually exist. It is possible that the experiments may have terminated before these notes are printed, but no doubt the explanation will be of interest to any road user who has seen the signs, and wonders to what they alluded.

On Saturday, October 14, the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club will hold their last meeting of the year and this fixture will wind up a highly successful season. There are eight events on the programme, six of which will be run round the popular "Mountain" course. The greatest number of races over this course at any previous meeting has been four, so that the programme will be unique. The annual "Mountain" Championship in which the cars start altogether from the same mark is the principal race. It is an annual fixture, and the champion in 1931 was the late Sir Henry Birkin, while last year Sir Malcolm Campbell gained the championship honours on his Sunbeam car. On October 14 he will defend his title against very formidable opposition. The holder of the record for this particular circuit, Mr. Whitney Straight, will be his chief opponent, and as Mr. Straight has just beaten the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb record by over two seconds he is bound to give a good account of himself. Other runners will be Mr. Tim Rose-Richards, Mr. T. A. S. O. Mathieson, Mr. A. H. L. Eccles, and Mr. H. J. Aldington. With such an array of first-class drivers this event promises to be one of the most exciting ever seen on the track. Women for the first time in the history of Brooklands will race round this circuit, and the programme also includes an Oxford v. Cambridge "Mountain" race. "Mountain" racing at Brooklands is not ordinary track speed work, neither is it exactly road racing. There are two acute corners in the course, which is just over a mile in length, and the skill of the driver in taking these bends is always well worth watching. The meeting takes place on the first Saturday of the Motor Show, which will give many people from the provinces an opportunity of seeing world-famous drivers at their best.

THE "DAWN" MODEL: An entirely new 4-cylinder Sunbeam introduced in response to the demand for a car of full Sunbeam quality but smaller in size than the Twenty or Twenty-five. An important feature is the independent front-wheel suspension

WITH THE ASSYRIAN LEVIES

(Continued from p. 15)

Persia, their position must have been anything but an enviable one! During the years after the War they proved their metal on various occasions in operations against the Kurds on the northern frontiers of Iraq. In 1923 they marched as an Assyrian Brigade via Erbil to Rowanduz, which latter town had been held by the Turks for over three years. Rowanduz was taken without a shot being fired. The explanation of this undignified evacuation of Rowanduz was the fact that the vengeance of the Assyrian was feared—such is his prestige as a fighter amongst his fighting neighbours.

Incidentally, I was amused to learn that while the Kurds address their dogs in Syriac, the Assyrians speak to theirs in Kurdish.

In Diana was a wireless apparatus which was installed in the body of a Vickers Vernon aeroplane which had crashed some months before at Diana, and a well-equipped little hospital in charge of an Indian doctor.

In the Assyrian village struts the Assyrian in all the glory of his native dress—baggy trousers, cummerbund, and dagger; the colouring varies, but the groundwork is usually red, blue, or purple, and the peaked caps often are made of brown or white sheep's wool. . . .

Yes! They are a fine little race, "the People of Mar Shimun," virile, single-minded, and possessed of a burning faith not too often found in this materialistic age.

I close with the words of a Levy officer: "*I can see these men now, at the end of a weary march, which had led over the mountains and through icy torrents, undaunted even by the streaming rain, with linked arms, enlivening the bivouac with dance and song.*"

Undaunted! M. R. R.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A very successful gathering was held in the New *Arethusa* Training Ship lying off Lower Upnor, near Rochester, on September 27, at which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress and the Misses Greenaway were present. The Lord Mayor, in his speech, said that we were a maritime nation and the manning of our ships was a vital matter, and that he could not speak too highly of the fine work which was being done in the *Arethusa* in preparing the right material. He hoped the Committee of the *Arethusa* would obtain the money they required. Will readers please send donations towards the amount of £10,000 still required for the new Ship and thus help the Society in their great work. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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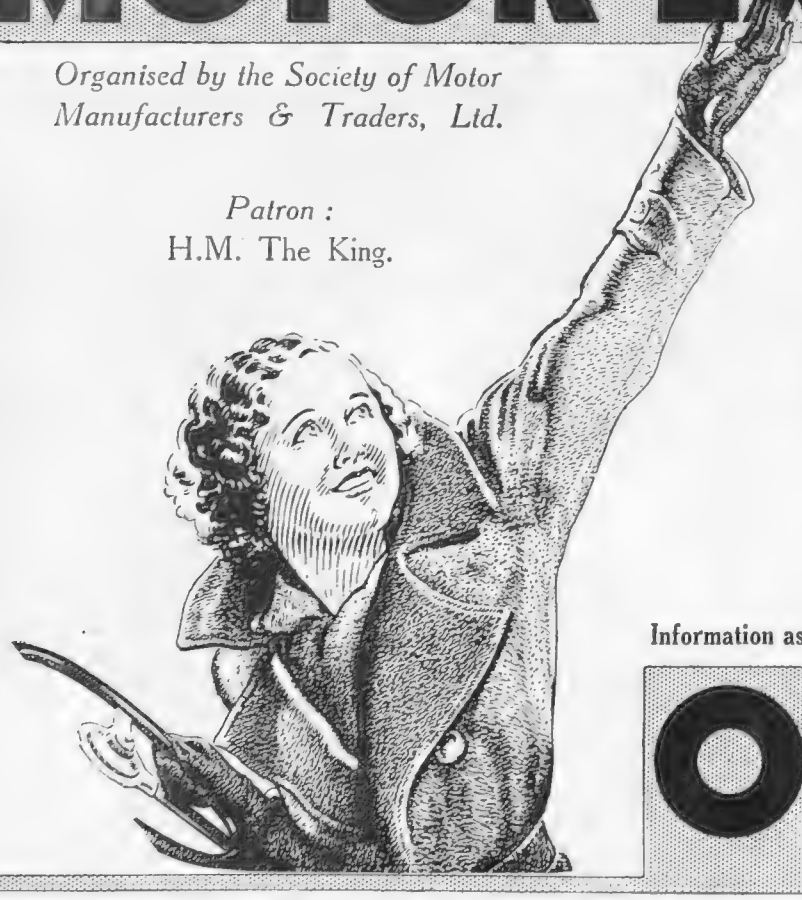
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NOTES and NEWS

A "JEUNESSE" ANTHRACITE STOVE in a drawing room fireplace. The warmth from the back of the stove comes out through the trellis-work surround

ANTHRACITE HEATING STOVES

Economy and Fuel Consumption

There will always be diversity of opinion as to whether the open coal fire or the closed coal fire is preferable, but if it is desired that the fire should not require daily lighting the ordinary open grate must be replaced by something of modern construction.

Closed anthracite stoves with mica panels in the front have been on the market for nearly a generation. They are constantly being improved, and the "Esse" series, one of which is here illustrated, is constructed with internal encircling flues, which ensure that the heat from the fuel is radiated into the room with practically no waste of the heat in the chimney. The majority of these "Esse" stoves are fitted with an automatic ventilating device and internal tube which ensure that the gases are constantly being converted into flame instead of passing away unused in the chimney.

There are other anthracite stoves available which have none of these economising devices, but which can be opened up so that the fire is visible. In these open fire-stoves with mica doors it is possible to burn ordinary coal which, of course, gives a brighter and more cheerful fire than is possible with anthracite: but one has to bear in mind that the stove that is made to open up cannot be constructed with internal encircling flues, for the simple reason that the stove would cease to function immediately the doors were opened, because air would pass into the narrow flues and the products of combustion would pass into the room. The encircling flues are, therefore, only possible when the stove is constructed to be always closed.

Experiments have been carried out to ascertain whether the stove that can be opened up burns more or less fuel than those that are fitted with encircling flues. The results have proved that although the open-fire stove burns coal at a much cheaper price, the great increase in the fuel consumption more than counteracts the apparent saving in cost; in other words, if a room 15 ft. by 11 ft. by 9 ft. high is being heated day and night by an entirely closed stove, 8 lb. of anthracite costing 3¼d. are consumed in the twenty-four hours, whereas with the open fire stove, 20 lb. of ordinary coal at a cost of 4¾d. per day are required to give the same heat, so that the closed anthracite stove well maintains its supremacy.

NEW TYPE SODIUM LAMPS

Installed in the Scheldt Tunnel

The Scheldt Tunnel at Antwerp, opened on September 10 by the King of the Belgians, is another example of the remarkable efficiency of the new type of sodium lamp invented by Philips Lamps Limited. It will be remembered that a stretch of arterial road on the Purley Way, Croydon, was illuminated by these lamps last November and created considerable interest among prominent motorists and illumination experts.

The tunnel for traffic, approximately 1¼ miles in length, is lighted by 532 Philips Sodium lamps (A.C.) of 100 w., and another seventy-eight sodium lamps are mounted along the approaches to the tunnel, which are each approximately 190 yards in length. As will be seen from the illustration the illumination obtained is remarkably good, and at the time of the opening American experts present expressed the opinion that the lighting of the tunnel was considerably better than that of the Holland Tunnel in New York. The lamps are built into the wall of the tunnel. They are fitted in watertight cast-iron boxes in which the frames containing the reflector, the lamp, and its accessories are mounted, the whole being enclosed by a "Philite" window-frame with a hinged lid.

In the event of current supply breaking down at the power station an emergency lighting installation provides for sufficient light in the tunnel, for which purpose an ordinary electric lamp connected to a storage battery is mounted in every fourth box. In addition, Philips have installed Sodium lighting along the Italie-Lei, the avenue leading to the tunnel, whilst a similar installation is shortly to be fitted up on the Rijnplaats, so that the entire route of incoming traffic through the tunnel to the centre of Antwerp will thus be illuminated by this new lighting.

THE SCHELDT TUNNEL APPROACH: Philips Sodium lamps illuminating the roadway

BUILT-IN ILLUMINATION: A general view of the Scheldt Tunnel showing how the Sodium lamps are fitted into the walls in water-tight cast-iron boxes

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Marshall & Snelgrove open a new department for EXTRA SIZE GOWNS

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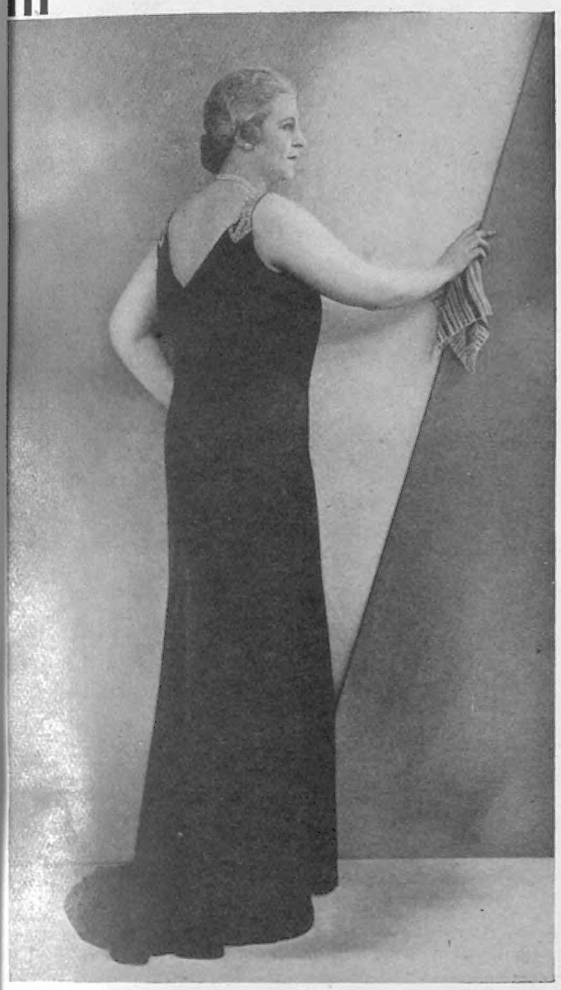

THE woman who is not slim—whether her figure is just a little above the average or whether she is stylishly stout—will rejoice in the news that Marshall & Snelgrove's have opened a new department for "extra-size" gowns.

This new salon offers a really specialised Fashion Service—its stocks are devoted entirely to models for the full figure; its staff of fitters and assistants have that special knowledge essential to the woman of fuller proportions who would be well and fashionably dressed.

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